

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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“Autocrats” of the Road

There's as much solid comfort in the two-passenger Touring Roadster and four-passenger Tourabout as there is in our seven-passenger cars.

The contour of seats and cushions;
the depth and quality of upholstery;
the room allowed for legs and elbows;
the protection from dust;

the arrangements for ventilation;
the wheel-base and drop frame;
the large wheels and tires;
the springs and shock-absorbers;

plus the long stroke, smooth running engine,—all produce Comfort, in superlative degree.

Formerly one expected luxury and room in limousine and touring cars—but a certain amount of dust and cramped quarters in a roadster. Oldsmobile designers, however, studied the possibilities of these smaller types for a long time, and each year an advance was made, culminating in the Autocrat models shown above;—literally the “last word” in cross country luxury!

Exclusive features worth noting are:—the dust screened wind-scoop and “sky-light” in the hooded dash; patent Oldsmobile ventilators in fore doors; enclosed, bull's-eye side lights (wired to battery), and the convenient luggage and spare tire arrangements.

Tourabout \$3500

Engine and Chassis the same as for Autocrat Touring and Limousine bodies.

Touring Roadster \$3500

Equipment absolutely complete and of the highest possible quality.

The Oldsmobile catalogue is a handsome book, showing all types and styles of Oldsmobiles. It will be sent gratis, on request.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

Branches in the Principal Cities. Dealers in every section from Coast to Coast.

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March 10

The Stearns-Knight Car

The Czar of Russia Owns a Knight-Motored Car

So does the Emperor of Germany.
So do the Kings of England, Belgium, Spain.

So do more than 8,000 men, on both sides the Atlantic, who demand the best the world can offer in their pleasure cars.

In Europe, the list of Knight owners is the Blue Book of Motordom.

Panhard, the pride of France—Minerva, Belgium's greatest car—both have come to this sleeve-valve motor.

Thus the four leading cars of the Old World have recognized that the poppet valve must go.

Last summer, after two years of testing, the Stearns came into line.

Daimler—the leading car of England—since 1908 has been a Knight-motored car.

Mercedes—the monarch of the German field—is now a Knight-type car.

And the Mercedes engine, which the Knight-type supplanted, was considered the master engine of the world.

That is the record of the Knight-type motor after three years of the limelight.

Five of the world's greatest makers adopt it. And 8,000 owners of high-grade cars have become Knight-type enthusiasts.

Consider these facts when somebody warns you that the Stearns-Knight is an experiment.

We Were Swamped By the Calls for This Motor

We have built Stearns cars for 16 years. They have attained an immense popularity.

But the first announcement of this sleeve-valve motor doubled our sales in a month.

It compelled us to lease a new factory.

Hundreds of men who got early deliveries have run these cars thousands of miles. And the letters we get from them form the highest tribute ever paid an American car.

Adds 50 Per Cent To the Engine's Rated Power

The cylinders in the Stearns-Knight are $4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

By accepted standards such an engine is rated at 28.9 horsepower.

But we guarantee that this engine will show an excess of not less than 50 per cent.

This is due to the absence of poppet

valves, and their leakage. And to the spherical shape of the explosion chamber.

That's an immense item.

No larger cylinders, no greater consumption of gasoline. Yet half again as much power as the rating calls for. Think what that means.

The World-Wide Effort To Get Rid of Poppet Valves

Every great designer who still employs poppet valves is seeking a way to get rid of them.

We adopted the Knight way because we regard it the ideal solution. And the foremost engineers have agreed with us.

But those who belittle it—to sell cars without it—are seeking other means to this end.

For poppet valves form the greatest shortcoming in modern gasoline engines. They are noisy and slow and leaky.

There are two in each cylinder springing shut hundreds of times per minute.

They require frequent grinding,

When carbon accumulates, so the valves aren't tight, there is vast waste of power.

Cams are required, and cams get noisy when they wear. Timing gears are used, and their humming can be heard.

Thus silence is made impossible. Power and efficiency are greatly reduced. And every designer knows it.

The Stearns-Knight engine has no timing gears, no springs, no cams, no poppet valves.

There is no carbon trouble, no valve grinding, no leakage. The action is silent and certain.

No man who knows half what we know about it will consider a poppet valve motor.

Won Dewar Trophy In the Greatest Test on Record

The Royal Automobile Club of England offers the Dewar Trophy.

It is offered for the greatest achievement of the year in automobile engineering.

In 1909 this trophy was won by the Knight-type motor.

It was won in a test beyond precedent—a test which engineers called impossible—a test which no poppet valve motor ever will attempt.

At the end of the test—which equalled two years of ordinary service—the engines developed more power than they did at the start. And they showed not a sign of wear.

Such is the verdict of the world's foremost authority on the sleeve-valve type of motor found in the Stearns-Knight.

No Leading Car Can Lead for Long Without It

The Knight-type motor, after years of tests, has been adopted by the world's best cars.

Each, to adopt it, displaced a poppet-valve engine as good as men can make.

What is done by Daimler, Mercedes, Panhard and Minerva—in so

vital a matter—must be done by all great cars soon or late.

The leading cars of the future will be Knight-type cars. The evidence is overwhelming.

No lesser features can ever outweigh this silence, this power, this efficiency.

The Silent Power

The silence of the Stearns-Knight is almost uncanny.

When turning idly at the curb there is scarcely sound or vibration to show the engine is running.

"The car glides on the road," says one of the owners, "as though it were sliding on runners."

Every evidence of effort to which one is accustomed is lacking in the Stearns.

On hills the Stearns-Knight shows that persistent power known in electric motors.

In traffic one may run at walking speed on high gear, then quickly accelerate to any speed wanted without any jumping or pounding.

The four-cylinder Knight-type offers all the flexibility of the six-cylinder poppet valve.

Equipment
Warner Auto-Meter, Model K.
Banker Windshield.
Silk Mohair Top and Cover.
Vesta Dynamo Electric Lighting System
Continental O. D. Demountable Rims
(two extra rims).
Klaxon Horn—also Bulb Horn.
Trunk Rack, Robe Rail, Foot Rest, etc.
**Touring Car
Toy Tonneau Roadster** **\$3,500**

THE F. B. STEARNS COMPANY

Cleveland
Sixth City

Dealers and Branches in
125 Principal Cities

Send for Our Books

Every motor car lover should know the facts about this Stearns-Knight motor.

It is the topic of the hour in motor-dom.

We have interesting booklets, and you are welcome to all of them. Send

us this coupon and we will mail them to you. Send it today.

Coupon
THE F. B. STEARNS CO. 11
Cleveland, Ohio
Mail me all of your pamphlets about the Stearns-Knight.
Name.....
Address.....
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SCHOOLS

BE AN ELECTRIC METERMAN

The rapid introduction of electricity is creating hundreds of new positions each year. Instruments and Meters are used wherever Electricity is used. Trained men must be had to maintain these Instruments and Meters.

Metermen Earn Big Money

Our course will qualify you for a position as Meterman. Practical—easy to learn—recommended by leading electrical men. Our Employment Bureau assists graduates.

Tuition low. Terms easy.

Write to-day for FREE booklet—tells all about this new field and our instruction. Write me personally, C. S. Tumbleson, Secretary, Ft. Wayne Correspondence School, 317 Shofst Bldg., Ft. Wayne, Ind. "Oldest and Largest School of Its Kind"

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Why not learn the improved methods of intensive scientific agriculture at home? You should learn all about our fine proposition, Faculty of Experts, various Courses, etc. General Farming, Small-farm Course, Poultry, Truck, Fruit, Dairying, Stock, etc. Learn how we teach you to farm your farm. Write today which line of farming interests you and get interesting particulars, and

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More profit for the farmer. A safe way out for the city man or woman. Students the world over. Your opportunity to get ahead. Easy terms. Write today.

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A Happy Marriage

Every man and woman, particularly those entered upon matrimony, should possess the new and valuable book by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., which sensibly treats of the sexual relations of both sexes, and, as well, how and when to advise son or daughter.

Unequalled endorsement of the press, ministry, legal and medical professions.

It contains in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
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- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in One Volume. Illustrated, \$2. Postpaid

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

PURITAN PUB. CO., 774 Ferry Bldg., PHILA., PA.

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 62

MY attention has been called to this bit of sound "trade-mark" reasoning sent to its dealers by a large Eastern paper manufacturer, who has been a successful advertiser for many years.

"It makes comparatively little difference 'to the user what the watermark on a paper 'is, if it is merely a fancy name and does 'not identify the manufacturer.

"It makes comparatively little difference 'whether it is called 'Tom Thumb' or 'Little Eva' Bond. What the user wants 'to know is

"—'Who makes it?'

"—'Who stands back of the quality?'

"Our papers, therefore, all bear a water-marked trade-mark that serves as an absolute identification of the firm that stands 'back of their quality.'

When you choose merchandise bearing a familiar trade-mark, you have actual assurance of quality, for the trade-mark identifies the manufacturer who thus must stand full responsibility for the quality of his goods. He expects to sell you again and again or he would not use a trade-mark.

T. B. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

Western Electric Household Helps

It Depends on You

whether you are a slave to the drudgery of housework, or make it easy through the more extensive use of electricity in your home.

Use the well proven Western Electric Household helps. They cost surprisingly little to buy, and less than 2 cents an hour will pay the current bill for any one of them.

As an investment they will pay for themselves many times over. For their utility and convenience you'll wonder how you ever did without them.

Everything Electrical for Home, Business and Factory.

Write to-day for booklet No. 7623

Western Electric Company

New York Chicago
Kansas City San Francisco

Offices in All Principal Cities.

SAVE OIL MONEY

Buy the 50c Half Pint Household Size 3-in-One Oil. You'll get just as much oil as if you bought 8 of the 10c size. Why not be economical? 3-in-One keeps indefinitely—never turns rancid. 1000 uses in every home or office.

3-in-One is the best lubricant for locks, clocks, sewing machines, talking machines, guns, reels, etc.

Best preparation for cleaning and polishing furniture. Prevents rust on metal surfaces, indoors and out. Library Slip with every bottle.

FREE Write for generous sample. Try 3-in-One at our expense.

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
42 A N. H. Broadway, New York

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist Double Throat

Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. **Loads of fun.** Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents.

Double Throat Co., Dept. J, Frenchtown, N. J.

TYPEWRITERS FACTORY REBUILT

Save \$25 to \$50 on any make of Typewriter. Our "Factory Rebuilt" Typewriters are perfect in quality, condition and looks. Durable and reliable in construction and serviceable in every way. Buy from the largest factory in the world with branch stores in leading cities. We guarantee for one year against defect in workmanship and material. Write for catalogue and address of nearest branch office.

American Writing Machine Co. 345 Broadway, New York



HURRY UP! To Be Most SUCCESSFUL

Send name on postal for offer of our new Poultry Lessons free to every new customer. Get Gilbert's big book FREE and also his facts about his SUCCESSFUL Poultry Lessons given to buyers of

Successful INCUBATORS BROODERS \$6.75 and up Start right for biggest profits. Write to Des Moines Incubator Co., 513 Second St., Des Moines, Ia.

TREES - Low Prices - Freight PAID

Write NOW for our wonderful catalogue of money-saving offers on fine quality trees, shrubs and plants. Freight PAID! All orders guaranteed. Don't buy till you've read this big list of nursery bargains. Send for it TODAY! Address: Rich Land Nurseries, Box 116, Rochester, N. Y. Rochester is the tree center of the world.

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Book and calendar for 1913 contains 200 pages. 12 varieties pure bred 62 colored plates. Many other illustrations, descriptions, incubators and brooders. Low prices on all stock and eggs. How to raise and make hens lay. Get my plans. They all say it's great—this book—only 15 cents. Price list free.

B. H. GREIDER, Box 14, Rheims, Pa.

Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices

pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Poultry, eggs and incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book, "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. Send 10c for postage.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 21, Freeport, Ill.

PEARL GRIT BEST "HEN TEETH"

The Double Purpose Grit. Hard, sharp and white. Secures right digestion, good health, heavy laying. Supplies colors for plumage and minerals for feathers and bone. The standard with up-to-date poultrymen. Booklet.

OHIO MARBLE CO., 731 S. Cleveland St., Fiqua, O.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

Every Kind of Woven Wire Fence, also Wrought Iron Picket Fences, Gates, Etc. Write for free Catalog. ENTERPRISE FOUNDRY & FENCE CO. 1103 E. 24th St., Indianapolis, Ind.

48 BREEDS

Fine pure bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful. Poultry, eggs and incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm. Send 4c for large fine 18th Annual Poultry Book.

R. F. NEUBERT CO., Box 343, Mankato, Minn.

130 Egg Incubator \$7.25

A High grade hatcher direct from factory at bed-rock price. Triple walls covered with asbestos and galvanized iron. Hot water, copper tank, self regulating, easy handling, simple, safe, set up complete, none better. Money back guarantee. Brooders \$2.50 up. Big Catalog Free.

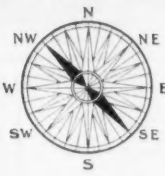
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AMAZING PROFITS IN MUSHROOMS

Anybody can increase their earning capacity in spare time, entire year growing mushrooms in cellars, sheds, barns, boxes, etc. I tell you where to sell at highest prices. Free Illustrated Instruction Booklet. HUBBARD & BROWN, 228 W. 48th St., New York

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To introduce Dress Goods, Hdkfs. and Petticoats. Quick sales, big profits. Best line—lowest prices—sold through agents only. No money required. New spring patterns now ready. No samples and case free. Standard Dress Goods Co., Desk 46-C, Birmingham, N. Y.



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Just as your father could have made a fortune by a small investment in choice city real estate in embryo Denver, Omaha, Kansas City or Oklahoma City, so you have now an equal opportunity to make an exceptional investment in "birthright cities" of the Northwest.

In co-operation with the great railroad builder, we have selected seventeen young cities located on new transcontinental railroads, and controlling the business of rich agricultural, mining or timber districts. We were obliged to inspect three hundred towns in order to be sure of having the most promising cities to offer you.

We offer at attractive prices *five lots, one in each of five* selected young cities. This system applies the basic principle of all insurance business—divides by *five* the risk of loss—multiplies by *five* the opportunity for profit.

Easy payments, no interest, we pay all taxes.

Write now and let us send you full details.

Competent men may arrange to represent us in their districts.

Northwest Townsite Company
308 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.



This Coupon Protects Your Packages in Transit

Every concern shipping packages by mail should know the convenience and economy of these insurance coupons.

U. S. Postoffice Registration protects merely to the amount of \$50.00 and that only in the event of a total loss.

These coupons insure up to \$150.00, whether the loss be total or partial, and the cost is but 2½ cents apiece.

Put up in check book form.

Write for particulars.

Insurance Company of North America
228 Walnut Street, Philadelphia
Capital \$4,000,000 Founded 1792
Surplus to Policyholders over \$8,000,000

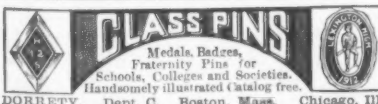
Protect Your Time

\$9 A YEAR WILL PAY FOR A \$5,000 Accident Policy
\$25 Weekly Benefits. 200 Weeks.

This is the oldest Association in the United States insuring Business and Professional Men, at Actual Cost, on the same plan as has been used by the Traveling Men's Associations for the past 30 years. 44,000 Members.

Booklet on Request
the regular membership fee, paid now, carries your insurance to July 1, 1912, without extra cost.
The Inter State Health Policy is \$10 a year

Inter State Business Men's Accident Association
ERNEST W. BROWN, Sec.-Treas.
808 Observatory Building Des Moines, Iowa



SPRING TOURS April 27 and May 11 \$485 and \$890 respectively with special Clark features.
Others later. Round the World and South America tours.
F. O. CLARK, Times Building, NEW YORK

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
MARCH 16, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME XLVIII

NO 26

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Big Ben



To sleep late's pleasant, now and then,
Make it Sunday morn, says Big Ben

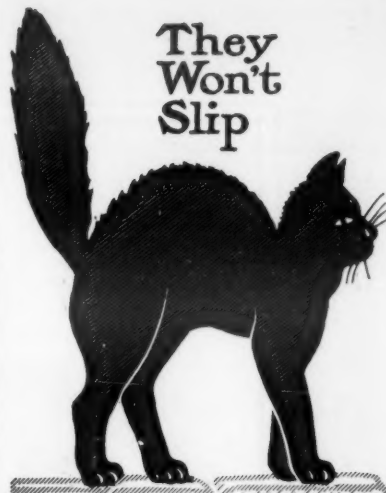
BIG BEN is on the job every minute of the day; he rings on time—he runs on time—he stays on time.

He has a great big dial you can easily read in the dim morning light—a cheerful, deep toned voice that wakes you on your sleepest mornings—large strong winding keys that

are a pleasure to wind—selective alarm calls that ring just when you want and either way you want, steadily for 5 minutes or intermittently for 10.

Big Ben is sold by 16,000 watchmakers. His price is \$2.50 in the States, \$3.00 in Canada. If you can't find him at your jeweler, a money order sent to Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you express prepaid.

They
Won't
Slip



After all is said
and done, the Question
is—TO SLIP OR NOT
TO SLIP.

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION
RUBBER
HEELS

50¢ Attached
All Dealers



Over 65% of Rubber Heels sold in eight-tenths of the largest cities of the United States are Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.

You will prefer them too, because of the Friction Plug—a patented feature—which positively prevents slipping, and makes them wear longer. Hence, the most economical heel to buy.

Then again, the extra quality rubber affords greater resiliency—and there are no holes in the heels to track mud into the house.

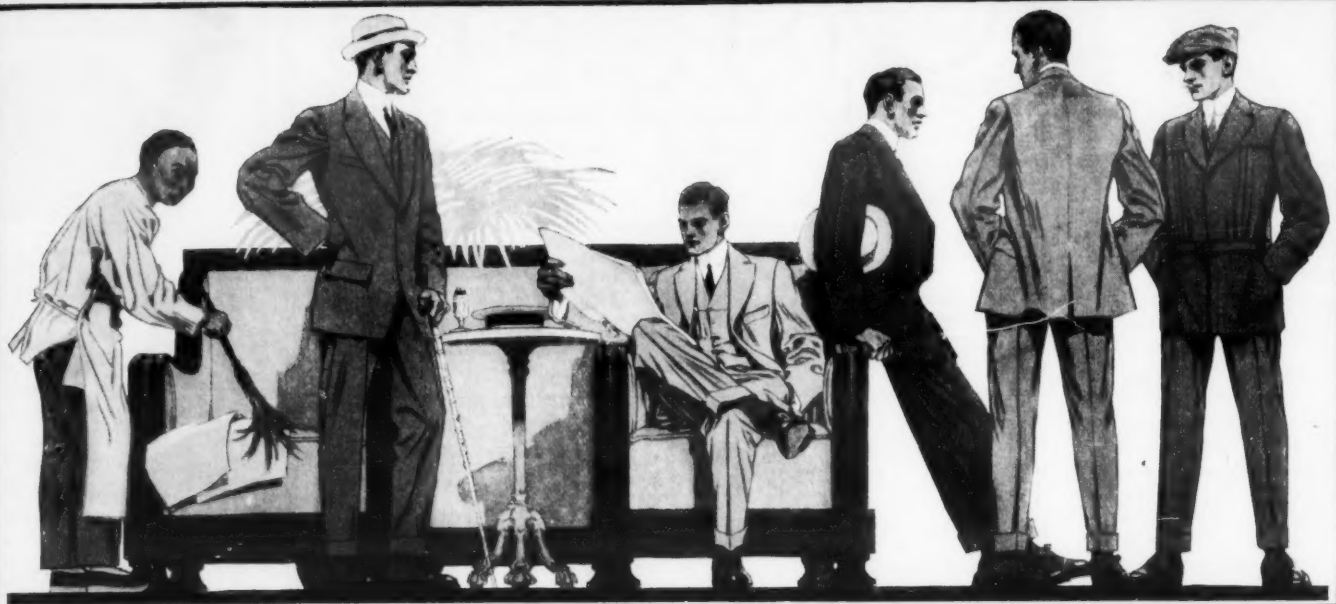
Insist upon Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels of your dealer. The name is easy to remember and they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

If you will send us the name of your shoe dealer we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin free.

To The Retail Trade

It pays to give the public what they want. The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
Canadian Office: Eastern Township Bank Bldg., Montreal



Clothes that "make good"

YOU young men are strong for style in your clothes; got to have the smart, lively ideas; it's apt to be the most important thing to a young man. We agree with you; we're making your kind of clothes.

You may just as well have more for your money than style alone; you pick your friends for something more than mere looks; the handsomest pitcher in the league isn't always the one who "fans" most batters.

You want style that stays stylish; that keeps its smartness as long as you pay for. You want clothes that "make good;" style must have something back of it if it's to stay.

Back of our style you'll find all-wool fabrics properly shrunk; and the best tailoring. Our mark in a garment means best style, plus. Next clothes you buy, see that our mark is in them; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Colliers



THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

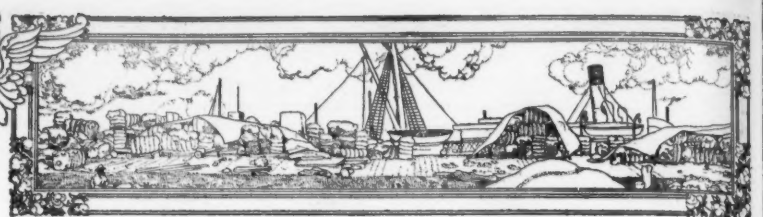
NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



DRAWN BY C. J. POST

Will He?



FAIRNESS

WOODROW WILSON, writing a history, had occasion to speak of "men of the lowest class from the south of Italy and men of the meaner sort out of Hungary and Poland." When HEARST's newspapers seized upon this as campaign material to create prejudice against WILSON, we remarked that to gather this sort of argument is easy work. An example is furnished by an editorial printed in the New York "Evening Journal" on February 19, 1912:

If they [Father VAUGHAN and Dr. PARKHURST] mean to suggest that the ignorant, the unscientific, can possibly compare as a general proposition in a moral sense or in any other way with those that are educated and have scientific training, we deny emphatically what they say. An ignorant man is more or less of an animal, etc. . . .

Without more education than we have at present, this can only appear to us to be saying in different words much what WILSON was denounced for saying; but HEARST may see finer shadings than we discern. Happy quotation for the occasion:

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side.

What a difference in sincerity between WILSON and his chief detractor. One is guided ever by the shallow advantage of the moment. To the other we may apply what the late Professor GARMAN of Amherst was accustomed to say:

You can dry out at thirty or grow mentally without stop through life. Keep on weighing evidence, and do not flinch from the new truths thus gained.

WOODROW WILSON, as president of Princeton, weighed evidence, shaped a new ideal of a democratic university, and fought for it. As Governor of New Jersey he ran against evils new to him, and whipped them, through his ability to weigh evidence for what it is. As Presidential candidate he keeps ever broadening in his perceptions of national issues. As President, there is no reason to suppose he would cease to weigh evidence and to face new truths.

ON BEING CURED

MR. BRISBANE says, with entire truth and wisdom, that young women—thousands of them—ruin their health by dressing improperly in the winter time, thinking too much of appearance and too little of health, wearing low shoes and thin stockings, and leaving the neck open to the cold. Still, young women, it is a SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT that should you be so FOOLISH, so DERELICT as to catch "pneumonia, consumption, grip," you may BECOME well in a short time. There is "Vapo-Cresolene," which "stops the cough, assuring restful nights." There is "S. S. S.," that "rids the system of catarrh." There is "Duffy's Pure Malt" for your cold. DON'T WORRY, YOUNG WOMEN: Mr. HEARST will protect you. But if he gives up patent medicines and quacks, as he says he will, what will you do THEN?

PUBLIC SUPPORT OF SCIENCE

THE WIDESPREAD INTEREST in drugs and food continues to show itself in various ways. At a recent meeting the following was passed:

Resolved, That we, the teachers and officers of the Brookline Baptist Sunday School in session assembled, do protest against any of our Baptist publications carrying patent medicine advertisements in the columns of any of their religious publications. We especially protest against the appearance of those medical advertisements against whose proprietors there has been issued a fraud order by the United States Government.

The National Association of Retail Druggists is making a vigorous campaign for the suppression of the illicit traffic in cocaine and other habit-forming drugs, and wishes to cooperate with local and State authorities. Progress, whether in starting a national health department, regulating schools and communities, or improving food and drug laws, has the sympathy of most enlightened physicians even among those belonging to special schools. "Medical Economics" prints a letter from a homeopathic physician, disapproving Senator WORKS's position and the League for Medical Freedom, and heartily supporting the Owen Bill:

Just consider a moment, my dear doctor, what the league stands for as represented in Senator WORKS's speech. It seeks to annul or belittle all the great discoveries made in medicine during the last fifty years. It practically wipes out the germ theory of disease. It would abolish all public health boards. It would not insist on quarantine of infectious diseases. It would terminate at once all public school medical inspection. It would prohibit compulsory vaccination. It scoffs at typhoid protection in the army. It would only too gladly wipe out all restric-

tions on pure foods, drugs, and medicines. It would annihilate animal experimentation *in toto*. To be sure, Senator WORKS does not say all this in so many words, but it is there and easily read between the lines.

Senator WORKS, as an advocate of the opposition to scientific progress, is entirely honest, but who was it said vice had never done as much harm as misdirected virtue?

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

THERE IS MYSTERY about what keeps Secretary WILSON in possession of his job—if "pull" can still be called mystery. Nobody understands the science of defending himself with a network of wires better than TAMA JIM. We intend to break through that network. In the Ballinger case it took nearly two years. As the public has been educated since then, it probably will not take so long with Secretary WILSON. He is doing so much harm that even President TAFT's love of peace is not sufficient ground for letting him continue in office. We shall almost immediately publish some articles on the general record of Secretary WILSON, mapping out the laxity and deviousness which we editorially summarized last week. We cannot doubt that, when the people realize what damage is being done to them by the President's protection of the Secretary, they will make such a noise that even the slow-moving Mr. TAFT will act.

HEIRS OF ALL THE AGES

MORE POWER politically is put every year into the hands of the community. In 1912 it may still be possible for the Republican machines to nominate one man when the voters wish another, and for the Democratic machines to kill off the man who would be nominated if the voters had the decision. By 1916, however, this obstacle to self-government will be removed. Presidential preference primaries will then exist in most of the States, and we shall have accepted the startling and subversive doctrine that the members of a party are capable of selecting its nominee. Another step toward following the will of the party will be assigning delegates according to the number of voters. A Democratic voter in Vermont must not continue to have more to say about the party standard-bearer than a Democrat in Texas, or a Republican in Florida more than a Republican in Massachusetts.

DEMOCRACY IN WORK

IN THE STRUGGLE to live, democratic methods must come, as surely as in political government they are in the main already here. An industrial oligarchy cannot remain in a political democracy. This means either Socialism or thoroughgoing and constant industrial reform. Take your choice. There is no other way. Hence the importance of the bill now before Congress, providing for a paid commission, to include representatives of labor and capital, and to cooperate with the Department of Commerce and Labor.

The tragedy at Lawrence means just so far the failure of our time. Had there been strong unions there, the disaster would not have happened. There would have been collective bargaining and decent standards. Anybody who opposes the strengthening of unions invites the overthrow of our present civilization. The preferential union shop includes all the benefits of unionism without the weak points of the closed shop. If you want to understand this new and extraordinary development of industrial fair play, it will pay you well to send twelve cents to "Life and Labor," 127 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, for a copy of the January number.

A few years from to-day parties will divide sharply and almost exclusively on industrial questions. Let us throw out a few propositions to show what we mean:

Indirect taxation is in the main nothing but robbery of the poor.

Our present tariff is no exception.

Taxation should be mostly on land values. There are a few other good taxes, such as those on inheritances, but they are, in comparison, unimportant.

The patent system penalizes the community and strengthens the trusts, some of which flourish by using patents and others by buying and suppressing them. When the Government grants a patent, it should at once throw it open to anyone who chooses to pay a small royalty to the inventor.

The power of centralized money will have to be decreased. Its greatest single weapon to-day is control of the insurance reserves. Ultimately insurance will be conducted by the Government, not only to decrease this illegitimate power of the bankers but because the Government, having the ability to prolong life, should logically be the insurer. It will probably also take charge of the sale of securities, as a step toward reducing the banking rake-off. Perhaps more for political than for directly economic

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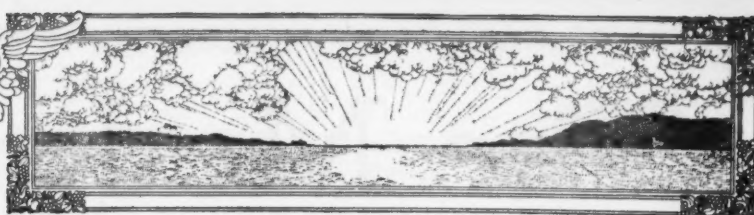
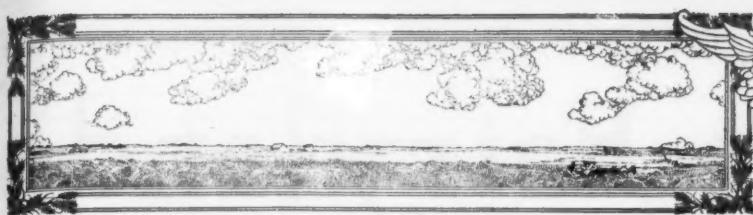
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reasons, it will own the railroads, and more definitely for reasons of economy it will take charge of the telegraph and express businesses.

Civilization owes to every man the right to work. It owes to the workers a large share in the control as well as in the profits of industry. Improvement in political devices is valuable, but even such improvement is of infinitely less importance than successful thought about ordinary life and labor.

COURTS

STRANGE AND UPSETTING is the experience of watching Mr. WICKERSHAM in his endeavors to comprehend the larger movements of our day. He needlessly hurts the Administration by his aggressive jauntiness wherever a popular movement is concerned. Says he:

There has been much nonsense talked of late about the so-called usurpation of power by the Federal judiciary in pronouncing laws of State Legislatures or of Congress unconstitutional and therefore void.

Even more insensate is the clamor against the courts for interpreting statutes in the light of their understanding as educated men learned in the law.

Alas, Mr. TAFT, if you had only surrounded yourself with the ablest among those who care about the suffering many, and who understand the wicked blindness of our system, you might have been high up in the honor roll of our Presidents. Most judges are honest, but many, many judges are fundamentally more stupid to big things than the man in the street, and by usurping power over the people's representatives in the Legislatures, and by killing justice with technique, they have been the citadel of special privilege, and no ranting against mob rule will long hold back a change. Those who do not believe the judges have seized a power never granted to them are advised to read an article by L. B. BOUDIN on "Government by Judiciary" in the "Political Science Quarterly" for last June. Also may be recommended "The Great Usurpation," by WILLIAM TRICKETT, published in pamphlet form by the Nixon-Jones Printing Company of St. Louis. "It is growing increasingly difficult," said WOODROW WILSON, speaking in Kentucky last July, "to supply the bench with disinterested, unspoiled lawyers, capable of being the free instruments of society." Free, he meant, from inadequate habits of mind and narrow associations, which make them incapable of being, to use his words again, "the interpreters of the common life of the people." The ablest exposition of the absolutely necessary powers of the courts, in interpreting constitutions and laws, remains the famous paper No. 78, contributed to the "Federalist" by ALEXANDER HAMILTON. The best treatment of the desirable limitations of judicial interference is to be found in the writings of the late Professor THAYER.

HOW PRESIDENTS ARE CHOSEN

WHAT KIND of a spectacle is it, when a President whom his friends say admiringly is "no politician," holds up certain local appointments, already made, until he can make sure that the recipients will pay for their jobs with help toward the President's renomination? Why was Congressman MCKINLEY selected to manage the President's campaign? Was it because Mr. MCKINLEY is the distributor of pie to Congressmen and therefore can decide for many of them whether they shall serve another term or not? There are few Congressmen who act wholly regardless of individual consequences, like WILLIAM KENT. Mr. MCKINLEY's power to take away their campaign funds is a mighty club over many of them. You, readers, can do something to thwart this attempt of the Administration to whip your Congressman into line, regardless of his convictions or your own, by the terrifying use of plunder. You can write to him, telling him whom the people at home really want nominated. Living in Washington, your Congressman gets out of touch with you. He reads New York and Washington papers, and feeds on the gossip of a little ring. Go for him. Stir him up. Tell him what the folks really want.

DREYFUS AND OTHERS

DON'T OVERLOOK the point in the now famous Brandt case. It makes no particle of difference what kind of a creature BRANDT is. The working of a system of justice is on trial, not he. When it was proved that evidence had been forged against DREYFUS, all fashionable Paris said it didn't matter, because he was guilty and disreputable, regardless of the evidence.

DEAR, DEAR

THE BRITISH CENSOR has just forbidden a play which is defended and warmly approved by J. M. BARRIE, JOSEPH CONRAD, ANTHONY HOPE, JOHN GALSWORTHY, ARTHUR PINERO, H. G. WELLS, WILLIAM ARCHER, ISRAEL ZANGWILL, ALFRED NOYES, MAURICE HEWLETT,

and HENRY JAMES. When we are worried about the stage in America (for which there is cause enough), we may at least remember that it is not subject to the whim of an official donkey.

FOOTBALL

A SHARP DIVISION about the ideal to be sought in framing football rules exists between the East and the West and between the larger colleges and the smaller ones. The changes made in the rules in January have decidedly failed to give satisfaction to a large number of those who wish to minimize the part played by mere weight. In order to test the value of any set of rules, certain questions ought to be answered. Should the game be planned for men of unusually heavy physique? Should it be open to as large a number as possible of college men? The new rules increase the number of downs from three to four, and thereby increase the value of plays netting gains of two or three yards, which on the face of it seems favorable to the heavy back operating behind a heavy line. Weight also seems to be favored in the abolition of the rule which allows the aggressive team to recover a kick after it hits the ground. The average weight of the American college student is about 134½ pounds. Very few men of that weight may be expected on the leading college football teams next autumn. The forward pass has been retained, but the new rules will result in its being used less often, and kicking is likely to be used much less as an aggressive play. The total result is a lessening of what one faction calls "chance" and the other calls "quickness to seize opportunity," while advantage is restored to what some call the "best" team and others call "beef and brawn." We cannot help feeling sympathy with those who do not wish too much advantage to go with the tall fat man, since the supply of tall fat men is limited.

WORKING HOURS FOR WOMEN

AN AMENDMENT to the Illinois act limiting the work of women in certain industries to ten hours a day is now pending in the Supreme Court of that State. The old law covers only mechanical establishments, factories, and laundries, these being chosen on the theory that the industries are operated by machinery, and machinery sets a pace which causes injurious strain. The amendment makes no material change, except to add mercantile establishments, hotels, restaurants, telegraph and telephone offices, public utility businesses, and "public institutions incorporated and unincorporated." The constitutionality of the amended act comes up now in the prosecution of a hotel keeper. The work of American and Irish girls in hotels is well known, but the general traveling public is hardly aware of the small army of Polish girls who do the scrubbing and dish washing, the hardest, perhaps on the whole, that is classed under woman's work. They come largely from Galicia, where they have much to make their lives seem gay—thatched cottages, usually freshly whitewashed each spring, flowers in the queer little windows, and crowds of people living and working together. As there are few schools in the country districts, most of them are illiterate. The land allotted the peasants when serfdom was abolished, about fifty years ago, has been subdivided with each generation until the narrow ribbon-like strips are inadequate to their support. The tradition also that the noble is entitled to a large return from the land also keeps wages low. By these influences the poorest have been driven to Germany and western Europe to work a few months in the harvest fields, and those who are better off to the United States and South America. Most of these who come to us are under twenty-five years of age, strong, large, and somewhat slow of movement. Of course, the task of Chicago, or any American city, is to see that these new citizens become industrially more skillful, keep their health, remain morally sound, acquire the English language, and successfully learn American habits. The Immigrants' Protective League has endeavored to get them into night schools, but little progress can be made when work leaves them too tired for anything except bed. The long hours allow no leisure for recreation. When Saturday night comes, the demand for some sort of excitement is almost too strong to resist; and physical and nervous exhaustion leads to a demand for acute stimulation of the senses. The neighboring saloon keeper is alert to attract the change-needing girl to the dance halls. Neither the admirable provision of Chicago for public parks and playgrounds nor the institution of better dance halls will entirely meet the situation. It can never be met while the girls work twelve hours a day, and in the poorer restaurants fourteen. Only the community, as represented in its Legislatures and its courts, can adequately meet a situation in which the community itself is profoundly concerned.

The Modern Fairyland



Part II.—Unfolding the Fantastic Schemes by Which Flamboyant Stock Sellers Rob the People

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN

THE world of these teeming promotions and fertile promoters seems like fairyland. Their ideas make work-a-day things disappear in a thick cloud. How golden and glorious is the world they create in their great moments—how fairer than our earth, full of hard work and difficult money and low dividends. They babble of eucalyptus groves multiplying profits a thousandfold, of holes in the ground that are silver-lined, of rubber plantations oozing pools of peerless gum.

Consider their very names—how sounding and unreal! Horace Greeley Robinson, Henry Clay Russell Wade, Charles Wood Gammon, Olcott Clyde Colt, E. Arden Noblett, Rev. Claude M. Severance. There is dear, delightful Professor Mudge, whose eager brain gave the Oxford Linen Mills their priceless "secret processes" by which they hope to convert raw American flax into lovely linen. One of their very "secret processes" was at one time to buy the yarn in Dundee, Scotland. With these men you enter the atmosphere of romance. Another moment and one of the characters will take off his head and tuck it under his arm. Some one will propose commutation trips to the moon. It was only the other month that H. H. McElhiney of No. 50 Church Street sat talking to me with the dream-light in his eyes. And the words that he said were these:

"Ten thousand dollars will cover the expenses. A schooner will be needed—a yacht would be too light, and besides it would be more expensive. There are chests of treasure which lie buried. The land is owned by heirs. Some arrangement would have to be made to lease the property. Charts and maps and papers were left by the men who captured the pirates. You see the pirates used to capture treasures from a city, and jewelry was very fine in those days. There's \$11,000,000 in it, if it turns out successfully. Of course it's a gamble, you can't be sure.

"There will be \$400,000 back in a year from an investment of \$10,000."

A Trick Good for \$47,500

HE HAD put an "ad" about Buried Treasure in the New York "Herald," and I had gone to him in the hope that he could enlighten the day for me.

What crew of jovial buccaners was ever half so carefree as the Mabray Gang? The roaring drunken things they did all across the continent sound like the

recital of a nightmare. Their promotions were short-lived—lasting from ten minutes to half an hour—but while they lasted the fun was swift.

They would induce some worthy citizen with a bank roll to back a prize fighter, who, so the gang said, was a "sure winner." The fighter would wear a cranberry on his chest, and soon his opponent would smash it into a red pulp. In the dim flickering light of the tent the splashed fruit on the chest would look like a bloody wound.

"Quick! For God's sake, run! Beat it! The man's killed," the Gang screamed to the citizen backer. He ran, leaving his money behind him. This trick was good for \$47,500.

Again, in another fight, they broke a bladder full of red paint over the front of the prostrate fighter; and then hustled his loyal backer away before the place should be raided and himself "pinched."

The Good Yacht Golden Rod

A WORN-OUT and aged horse, shot full of drugs, would be entered as a "sure winner," and their victim would be induced to back it with all the money he could collect. The horse would last only half down the track and collapse into a bunch of bones five laps from home. The victim would be minus his money planked on a sure thing. This little specialty netted the jubilant gang \$30,000.

Such artful masters of promotion live at a high-strung romantic level, where they radiate ideas, like sparks flaking off from a central sun. Who but a promoter would have the magic imaginative touch to buy a swift yacht, and fit it out with captain and crew, in order to anchor it and use it for supper parties? That rollicking pair, John A. Qualey and Harvey Wiley Corbett, financed a stationary steam yacht (more like a houseboat she was) on the proceeds of the playful factory with the noisy laborer hitting sheet iron.

It was the good yacht *Golden Rod*, 172 feet long and steam-propelled, which Qualey and Corbett manned. For two days they used the vessel on the deep waters of the Hudson. After that they anchored under the cozy lee shore of Eleventh Avenue and gave a series of supper parties. They dined fifteen persons on Hudson-Fulton Day, but they preferred the more intimate feasts of three or four kindred souls, of whom Mrs. Hopkins was deservedly one. She it was who had introduced the hospitable

pair to a dear friend, a widow, who straightway purchased \$35,000 worth of stock in that same factory, where everything was to be made out of rocks, from cottages to face powder. It was this widow who turned engagingly to the smiling promoter with the confession: "You wouldn't believe it, but I don't know what par value means."

Always a Heartbreak for Some One

BUT other gestures were made after the widow's mite was tucked away in the bank—ready to be checked against. Harvey Wiley Corbett, loyal and conscientious member that he was, trotted over to his club and settled the account for his cats and drinks. His overdue bill there had been mounting against him.

While such raking it in with a wink is funny enough, and the spending it careless-like looks glorious, yet there is always a heartbreak for some one in the vicinity. The widow of the distinguished surgeon, who lost the \$35,000, was wronged and humiliated by these sleek rascals. It was her dying testamentary request that they should be hunted down.

Promoters differ in their attitude toward their victims. Some are emotionally touched by the suffering they cause. Others are cynical. Others are frightened.

Archibald Wisner, who until recently was modestly operating on Fifth Avenue, used to go without his luncheon and remain inside his private office during the time that Foley, from Brooklyn, was paying the company



So we see the promoters suffering in their feeling about the shorn lamb

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regular visits. Foley kept coming for two months, sometimes several times a week, sometimes staying five or six hours a day. One day he gripped Archie by the throat, but office assistants pried him loose and sent him home. Foley had lost only \$100, but he was a workman.

On another occasion Wisner was amused, and his mirth was not flavored with fear. He received a letter from a lunatic woman, written from her asylum and inclosing \$100. The letter said that the devil was after her with a nine-tined fork. Wisner realized that investors like her would make no trouble, and he could revel in the lighter phases of their personality. With most of the misled investors no amount of suffering will make them dangerous.

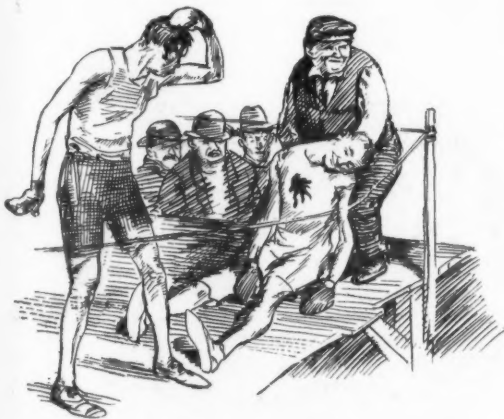
"We Tarry Too Long"

COLONEL CHRISTOPHER WILSON, who floated United Wireless stock but drowned a multitude of investors in doing it, never completely visualized what he had done to human beings till one day David Evans told him the story of two or three of the investors, and reinforced the tale with letters of the victims. Finally he told of a clergyman whom he knew who had saved up for several years to send his boy through college. He had invested this sum in Colonel Wilson's United Wireless Company, and so had the education fund been wiped out. Tears flowed down Colonel Wilson's cheeks as he listened.

"Roast me," he said; "go ahead and roast me in your magazine."

So we see the promoters differing in their feeling about the shorn sheep. They are careless, casual, grieved, cowardly-hearted, according to temperament, and in tune with the forcefulness and despair of the victim. How do they behave if the victim declares a fight to the finish? The company disappears if one crook is touched. The office becomes vacated. It is like picking up a rock and finding bugs underneath. They scatter at the touch of daylight.

"We tarry too long," said a raided promoter. "The money looks good to the promoter, so he stays on. But he should go while the wave is still at its crest. While everything is looking fine, let him beat it. But we all think we can hang around and take in the cash a little longer. Some fine morning a big, fat, honest man from one of the commercial agencies looks at you with a queer, knowing smile, and a couple of days later the Post Office people break in and hustle you off. If I had it all to do over again, I'd quit on the crest of the wave, and live in peace with a fortune."



The fighter would wear a cranberry on his chest

"It is the promoter's job to feed the elixir of enthusiasm to his stockholders. When they are dejected he cheers them up. Why should he tell them the exact situation? Let him tide them over a few bad months with hope. You don't see a doctor come in and tell a fever patient he's registering 103. Not much. He speaks soothing, hopeful words. And that's what the promoter should do with his stockholders."

"The money keeps coming, and it looks good," said H. J. Sommers, the stock-selling agent, "so promoters hang on. I was with one of them when he decided to raise a few million more in capitalization. The morning after his announcement had gone out, I went into his office, and the floor was covered with letters, all of them loaded with checks, money orders, and green bills. A waste-paper basket was standing there, full of real money. Now it's hard work for a man to pull out of that and retire into safety."

Creating the Emotional Crisis

THE promoter, when caught and indicted, often pleads for another chance, saying that he has turned his back on his own past. The answer to him is, let him reform in some other line than in the very line of financial operations where his own record is against him. I don't believe there is such a thing as an ex-promoter. He never resigns from the job. It's in the blood and temperament of the man. He couldn't let go and turn to quiet honesty.

How does he create the atmosphere and climate in



which fairyland feels like solid territory, and in which defrauded victims think they are Lucky Folk? The flamboyant promoter uses the same machinery as the religious revivalist. He is a professional trafficker in spasms. He must create an emotional crisis in a multitude of persons, and must repeat the same intensity of effect many hundreds of times. He deals in breathless excitement, the peremptory demand for an immediate decision from sinner or sucker, the Last Chance for Salvation or Big Profits, To-Night and Now the Time. Those frenzies grow habitual, the central fire becomes a painted flame.

Those are the promoter's symptoms—excitable seizures, expressed in swollen language, recurring for each fresh batch of responsive victims. His disease is only the heightened form of a national ailment.

A Clergyman Promoter

IT IS no wonder, then, that a clergyman often makes a dashing promoter. A man who reappears in various schemes which he floats on the oily current of religious unctious is Dr. George F. Hall, pastor of a congregation which met in the Bush Temple of Music in Chicago. He calls himself an evangelist. His cable address is "Christian," and on the letters sent to his sucker list he sprinkles such mottoes as "Christ Our Creed," and "Keep Thyself Pure." In the pamphlet of his weekly divine service, he says that:

*I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.*

He promotes companies by selling stock to clergymen. His companies are the Combination Mining & Improvement Co., a coal, clay, and cotton company, a lumber company, an Arkansas rice company, and a Florida Christian colony. He calls his own Combination Mining & Improvement Company "worthless." He does this in order to get the stockholders to swap their shares for fresh stock in his later ventures, and to pay him more money.

He advertised he would marry couples and accept for a fee whatever the bridegroom thought the bride was worth.

There, then, are brief sketches of a few out of the two thousand promoters at work. We see that the promoter is sometimes a rich, rosy, and splendid presence, "master of golden plenty," releasing the hidden powers of the individuals whom he reaches. Others are muddy, small men with a narrow but successful talent for clever deceit. All are alike in that their purpose is the personal profit of the promoter; and their method some device which reaches the soft spot of the common people.

Up to this point these cheery, charming sinners have had it pretty easy. The promoter has had his quick money and lots of it, in return for vague catchy promises sent by the United States mail. He has used some of that money to keep his scheme alive and grab still more coin; and some of it he has rammed into his pocket, and gone careering up and down the garishly lighted mile track that lies between New York's Flatiron Building and the Times tower.

The Trailers

BUT as soon as the promoter swings off into excess, and begins to leave a trail of empty bottles and enthusiastic waiters and chorus girls, his troubles begin. For here enter the honest prosecutors, detectives, inspectors, and scribes. And with them come the blackmailing crew of shyster detectives, dubious agencies, and obscure journalists—a dark cloud of witnesses. From this time he is harassed by his shadowers, the men who hunt him down. We are told that every Jack has his Jill. Well, every promoter has his trailer.

Like a shadow to each of the promoters moves the detective. Some one man is always on his trail, butting in on him with a knowing smile during office hours, winking at him from the other end of an uptown bar. Often there will be several men trudging along in his wake. But some one of them will pull away from the toiling crew, and grow closer as he catches the promoter's idea, sizes up the scheme, and fits together its pieces with a sudden click, like a bolt slipping into its socket.

The blackmail sheets send out an agent demanding advertisements, and, failing to get trade, pound the promoter for his crooked ways. Such a paper was Car-

"But I don't know what par value means"

denio King's Boston "Tribune." One lone promoter has been approached by 100 separate blackmail publications within the space of a half dozen years.

Another tax comes from the gentler intruders, who give you a friendly write-up, if you buy 500 or 1,000 copies.

Poor old, ignorant, illiterate Colonel Wilson was always the easy mark for these.

If the promoter is harassed by sinners who graft on him for hush money, he is hounded yet more keenly by the honest papers, who pry into his affairs, rip his balance sheet to tatters, reveal the nakedness of his claims, and let up when he lies gasping and prostrate, with his great work finished, his race run. Such men as Larry Hill of the "Sun" are as welcome as an unchained bulldog to unctuous tricksters like Middlebrook and Shumaker; to thieves like the Burrs; to oleo-clerical promoters like the Rev. Claude Severance.

It is easy money and big money for the promoter, but the nerve pressure is high, and always there is the dread of exposure. Promoters live in acute expectancy of the deluge.

The Girl Who Sent the Bill

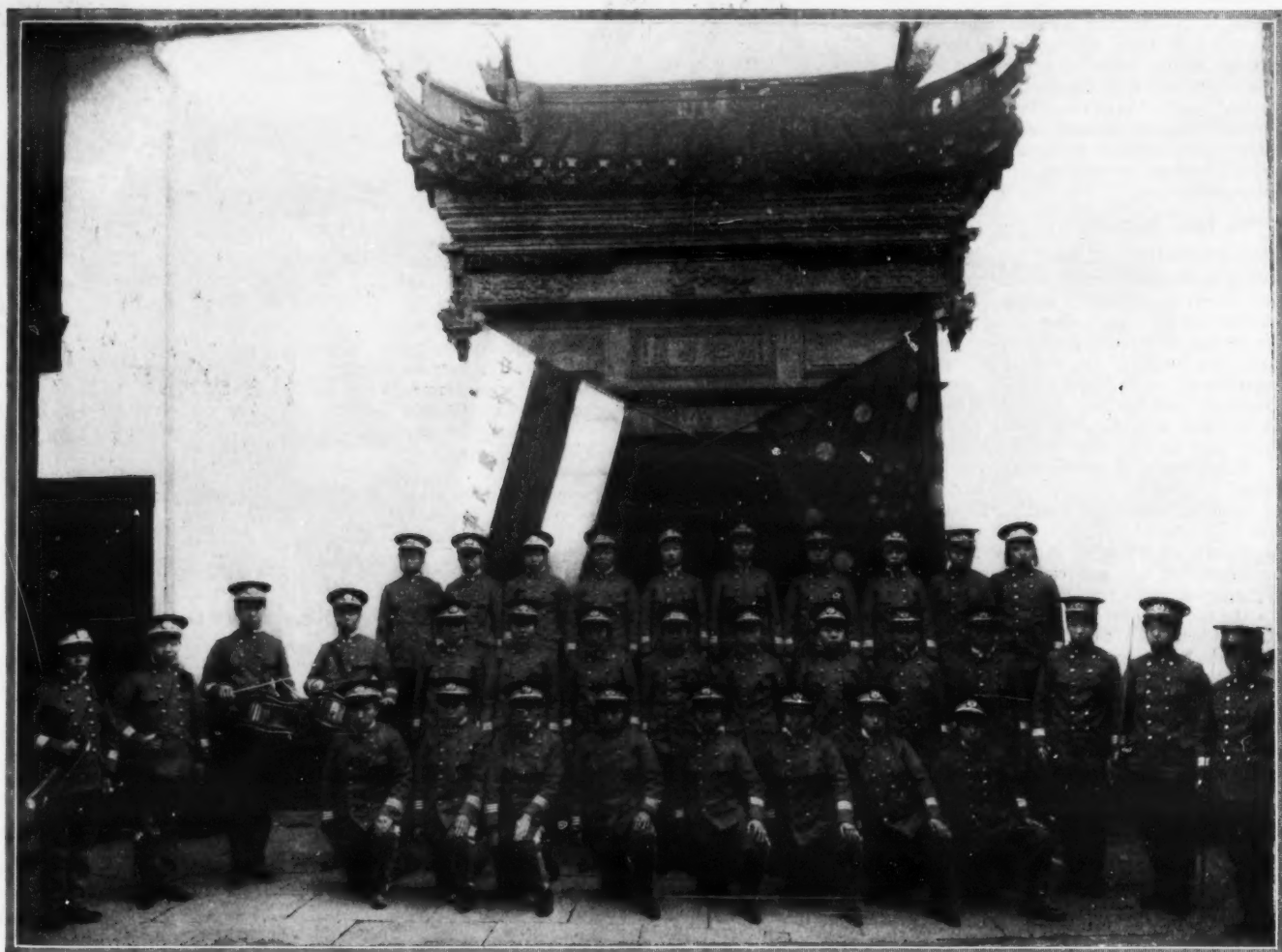
SUCH is the story of the promoter and his ten-dollar bill from the time it came from the mail bag; sped to the mine or factory and indulged in a quaint one-day display of frenzied activity; flashed out into winsome megaphonic advertising; paid the postage for the flossy stationery that carried the lies; swung the rental of the spacious office and financed the pretty stenographers; bribed the blackmail journalist and fought the honest editor; till it finally evaporated in the champagne and terrapin that fed the Broadway blondes.

Now, here is the Girl-That-Sent-It-In. We don't give her name and street number, because it would embarrass her. But she lives on Euclid Heights, Cleveland.

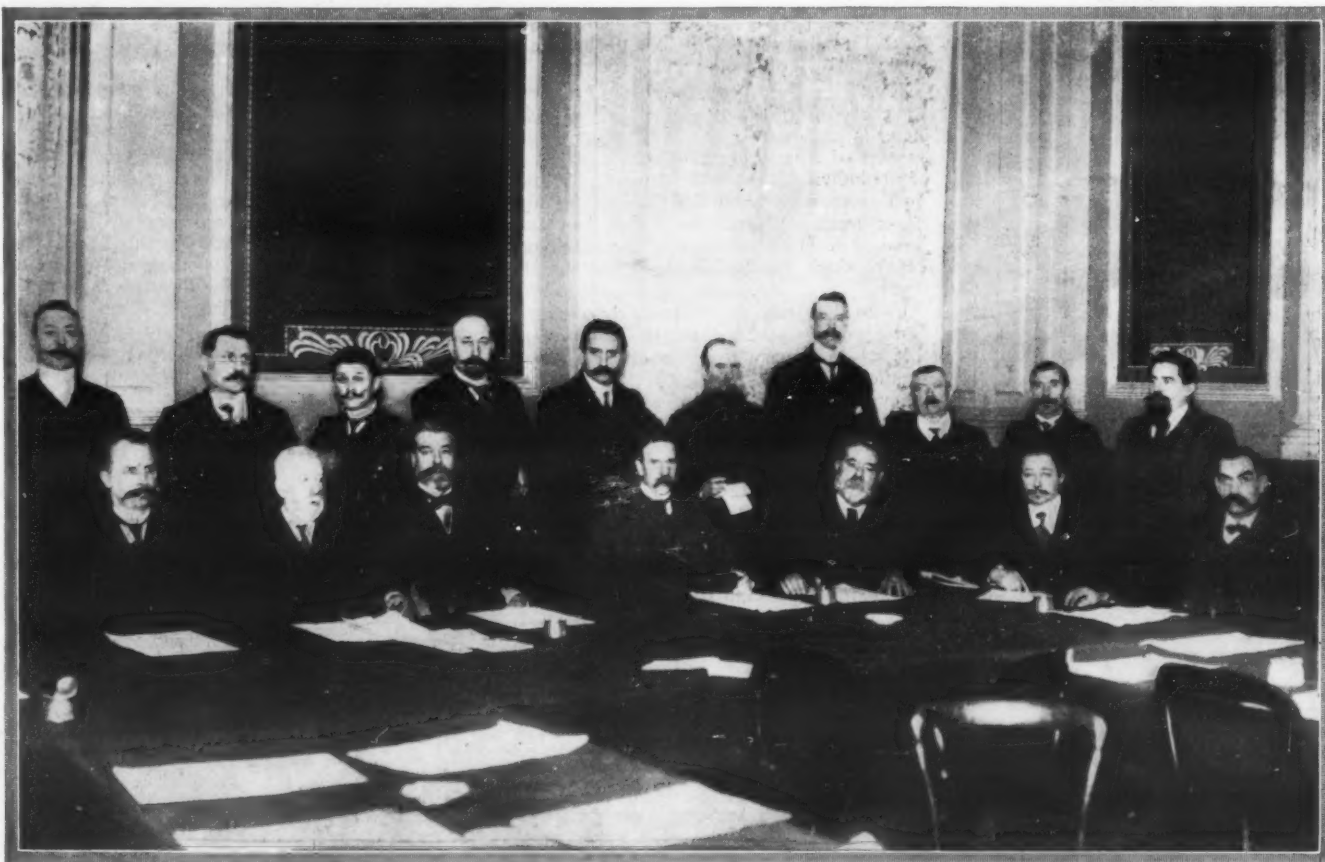
(Concluded on page 24)



"Beat it! The man's killed"



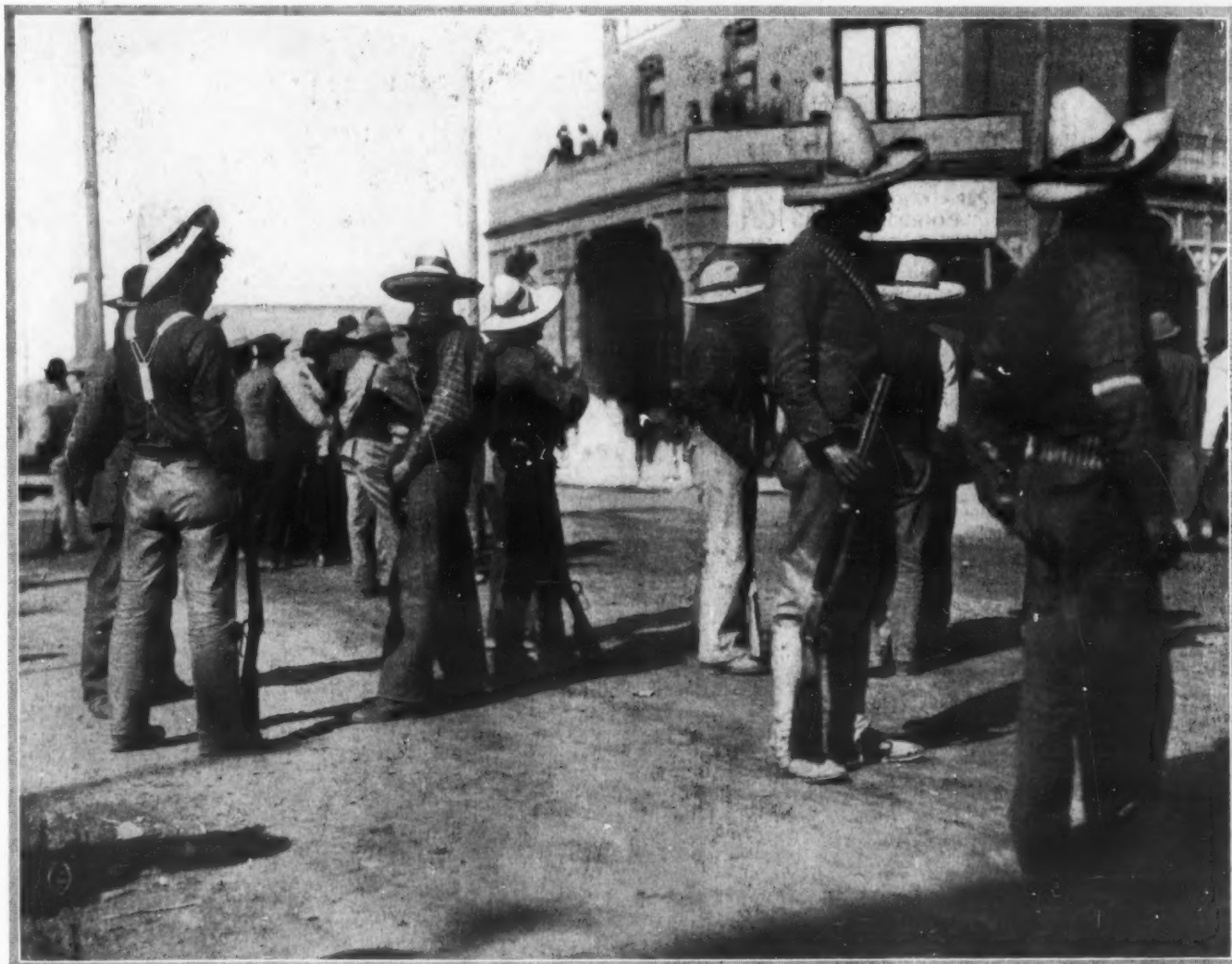
Women and girls were active revolutionaries in the national Chinese uprising which forced the Manchus into exile. The girl volunteers shown in the picture organized in Shanghai and armed and equipped themselves. They refused the proposition of the Republican leaders that they reorganize into a Red Cross corps



Great Britain's perilous strike of coal miners put an immediate blight upon the industries of the country. The Government sought to force agreement, but the Scotch and Welsh mine owners fought the principle of a minimum wage, which was insisted upon as a basis of negotiation. The photograph shows a session in London of the International Miners' Federation, representing Continental as well as British miners



Miss Eleanor Wilson, daughter of Woodrow Wilson, was among the Americans who made hurried exodus from Mexico when the insurrection gained headway. She was visiting in Madera in the State of Chihuahua. Railroad service was interrupted and once or twice short stretches of the desert had to be crossed on foot



Juarez fell almost peacefully into the hands of the Mexican insurgents on February 27, and a few days later General Orozco at Chihuahua declared against Madero. In Juarez the insurgents seized the custom house, thus opening a route for supplies for their forces, bringing about the same situation that aided Madero a year ago



*Makes no diff'rence if he is a houn',
They gotta quit kickin' my dog aroun'.*

*Every time I come to town
The boys keep a-kickin' my dog aroun' ;*

DRAWN BY MONTE CREWS

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Julia Behind the Ribbon Counter

LITTLE girls are perched in high eyries of wrapping paper, and thin little legs come scudding to the call of: "Messenger!" Girls everywhere—and as many more out of sight! Girl cashiers who sit all day in the stuffy basement at the ends of hissing yellow cash tubes and send up a note in the change box at night to learn if it's raining in the world above; girl stock-room markers who write "50 cents" on a price tag, cross it out and write "30 cents" to show a bargain; girl auditors who play solitaire with white sales slips till nine o'clock at night; girl apologizers who blarney angry customers; transfer girls; mail-order girls; typewriter girls; book-keeping girls; millinery trimmers; alteration hands changing model garments to fit our imperfect figures; drapery girls stitching fringe on curtains; girls who wait on other girls in the coat room and restaurant; and frowzy charwomen who scrub before dawn and after sunset.

We see these girls selling and wrapping and running errands day after day until we come to think of them as automatic sellers, wrappers, and errand runners—machines with an exasperating tendency to talk about last night's party when they should be absorbed in matching our sample. If you meet Julia Daley at the mission Sunday-school, teaching a class of wriggling youngsters, you say of her:

"Isn't she a nice girl! She is the mainstay of the family! The brother is—well, *queer*—never can keep a job, and the father's *old*, and, well, I don't know *what* they would do without Julia!"

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"Thank you," which comes with the change. Yet Julia behind the counter is the same Julia who loves naughty little boys.

It is no longer good form to ignore saleswomen. We have learned what standing all day does to a woman, and have passed a law putting seats behind the counters. Another law limits the length of a salesgirl's day. We are glad that stores close early in summer, and we inconvenience ourselves to shop early at Christmas.

Julia's Salary Problem Is Ours, Too

WE HAVE given Julia a stool to sit upon, we have shortened her day's work; now we must face the problem of her salary. Wherever we turn some one thrusts the unwelcome problem upon us. Now a probation officer tells us that hapless girls, hard-pressed by poverty, go blindly out from the pinched store life to the gay, terrible death of the streets. Again a physician asserts that girls cannot buy proper food. The same message comes from the daily press in flaming orange horror and from Federal labor reports in the pepper and salt of statistical tables. Julia Daley at the mission Sunday-school brings it home to our hearts.

We speak of it next morning at the breakfast table: "Some one told me yesterday that that nice Julia Daley gets only \$7 a week! It seems that the different stores pay different wages for the same work! They say that in C—'s big store across the street no girl is paid less than \$8 and lots of them get more, while in that other big store round the corner the manager hires a girl at \$4 with the promise of raising her to \$6. But they say the girl never gets within smelling distance of \$6!"

"I asked her why she didn't get a place in one of those exclusive little shops that pay such high wages. She said there were ten girls waiting for every one of those places, and that it was as different from department-store work as nursing is from doctoring. She says she could make more in a factory, but her mother won't hear of it. Her mother thinks factories are rough."

When one of us remarks cynically that Julia certainly doesn't dress like a \$7 girl, her confidant has an answer ready:

"That *was* a pretty dress! It's her store dress. She gets ten per cent off on black goods and she and her mother made it evenings. She leaves it in the store and wears an old dress to save the skirt in sloppy weather."

Backward America

WE HAVE been slower than other countries to realize that working women need legislative protection against starvation wages. New Zealand, in 1894, gave her "Court of Arbitration" through the "District Conciliation Boards" power to fix minimum wages for both men and women. Victoria, since 1896, has had "Wages Boards." England made a beginning by the "Trade Boards" Act in 1909. In the United States minimum wage bills were introduced this year into three Legislatures: Massachusetts, Illinois, and Wisconsin.

In Massachusetts a commission, composed of Henry D. La Favour, Mrs. Glendower Evans, Mr. John Golden, Mr. George W. Anderson, and Mr. Richard Olney, 2d, was appointed to study the question of wages and report on the advisability of establishing wage

boards. They obtained the pay rolls of 13,845 women employed in candy factories, retail stores, laundries, and cotton factories in various parts of the State.

They found that women's wages are not raised as the women's efficiency increases; that women are helpless to help themselves; and that they are in sore need of higher wages. Of the women over 18, 9.9 per cent received under \$4, 22.2 per cent under \$5, 33.9 per cent under \$6, 55.3 per cent under \$7. The commission recommended the establishment of a permanent Minimum Wage Commission which shall have power to appoint a Minimum Wage Board for each industry where women's wages are low. Each board shall be made of six employers, six workers and representatives of the public. The board will fix the least wage an employer may pay a woman in that industry.

The Minimum Wage—A Slogan

MANY employers favor this bill. Some employers have already fixed fair minimum wages in their own establishments. Said the manager of one large retail store enthusiastically:

"A minimum wage! As much as you can pay! We have no woman at less than \$7. We shall push it up as fast as we can. Some day no woman in our store will earn less than \$10. If you pay mean salaries you get



"But sister and I reckon that our salaries together are equal to one man's"

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By
Mary Alden Hopkins
Illustrations by
Alexander Popini

mean work—careless, wasteful, insolent, inefficient. Some firms put a piano in the recreation room and then advertise their kindness to their employees! Kindness is all right, but *it's wages that counts!*"

The proposed bill will prevent unscrupulous employers from undercutting wages. It will stimulate employers to train their workers to high capacity. It will tend to steady seasonal fluctuation of employment. It will make for industrial peace.

What Can Julia Do?

YET short-sighted employers are afraid of the bill. They oppose it, just as they opposed the shorter-hours bill and child-labor bills.

To return to the case of Julia Daley. Julia's employer says the bill will be the deathblow to all industry. You see, it will interfere with his method of fixing wages. One of the women inspectors who collected statistics for the commission told me about this. She told me many stories, some of which I am repeating to you. In every case I have changed the name and some details to prevent identification, but the essential points of age, length of service, capacity, and wages are exact.

Julia and the inspector—whose name is Miss Chapin—were seated under an electric light in a small executive office of a large retail store. Julia had the look of one who always fears to-morrow. Miss Chapin had the expression of one who hears overmany sorrowful stories, but her eyes dreamed of a joyful future. Julia spoke in a low, vehement voice:

"People outside think a woman's wage depends on how long she's been here, how much she knows about stock, and how she treats customers. I know better. I've been here four years and I keep my eyes open. Every week a bookkeeper figures the 'cost of selling' for each girl. This way: A millinery girl gets \$7 and sells perhaps \$600 worth of hats in a week, during the season. Divide 7 by 600 and you get 1-6 per cent. They say she *costs* the firm 1-6 per cent.

"Now take a girl at the notion counter on the same wage. She sells perhaps \$75 worth of safety pins and emery bags; sales count up slow on those little things. Divide 7 by 75 and you get her per cent—9¼.

"When the superintendent sees that 9¼ per cent he throws a fit. A girl at the small goods counter costing 9¼ per cent, while a millinery girl costs only 1-6 per cent! It's up to him to change that before the firm sees it! She can't raise her sales at that counter, so he decides to cut her salary. He fires her and hires a \$6 girl in her place!

"Now is that right? It's fussy business selling that small junk and the girl can't take in money like a millinery girl. The firm gets big profits in some departments and ought to take little profits on others instead of making the girls stand the loss! Why, sometimes he actually puts bundle girls at \$3.50 to selling ten-cent stuff! But not often, for the girls won't stand for that meanness."

What can Julia do? Trades unions among saleswomen are puny infants, short lived. The firm may consist of five hundred scattered stockholders, but it acts as one man through the superintendent. The girls act as five hundred individuals. They will not

unite to serve their common interest. Many are young, and youth has more important affairs on hand than driving thrifty bargains. Each woman considers her job a personal matter. Her vision is focused on a point. The outer field is blurred.

Miss Jennings has a small, shiny, pinkish face. Her eyelids blinked nervously as she talked to Miss Chapin: "I've worked here at A—'s thirty years. I never worked anywhere else. Sister and I have a cottage father left us. We try to keep it up just the way we did when father was living. It's hard. Coal is so dear. So is food. But sister and I reckon our salaries together are equal to a man's."

The "Pin-Money" Fallacy

SHE spoke almost complacently, seeming not to realize that though two together may earn one salary, the two cannot ride on one car fare nor eat one luncheon nor wear one hat; that while the money comes in at the rate of one man's earnings, it goes out at the rate of two men's spendings. Miss Jennings will never join a union.

Another reason why women do not unite to raise wages is their tendency to turn to men for protection. A woman who has not known a man's care since the early years when father carried her pick-a-back upstairs to bed, still waits for some kind, good, wise man to fend for her. These women are docile. There is no fight in them. They show generations of training in patience, submission, self-sacrifice. They believe what they have often been told, that they are the "wards of the State." They look to men, especially men in the State House, to guard their interests.

The inspectors sent by the commission into stores in many cities asked each girl a series of questions, recording the answers on blue cards where dotted spaces followed printed queries. They divided the girls into three groups: those living in families having a man wage earner; those living in families without a man wage earner; and those entirely dependent on themselves. In the retail stores, in every 100 girls 72 live in normal families, 15 live in manless families, and 13 are "adrift" from family life.

It is commonly thought that the girl who lives at home works for "pin money," but the inspectors found few who did not give their mothers more than half their wages. The girl who lives at home must help pay for food, rent, light, and fuel. She should be able to make some return beyond gratitude for her mother's years of scrubbing, cooking, nursing, washing, sewing. She has the advantage of cooperative living and usually helps in time of sickness or unemployment from father or brothers or sisters. To offset this she has the responsibility of aging parents, family sickness, and younger children. These values and costs we have never before tried to compute in terms of dollars and cents.

The mercantile inspectors thought they knew much about working girls, but it was a surprise even to them to find how few have vigorous working fathers. The father seems worked out by the time the children are grown. He putters about. Sometimes he gets a watchman's job, or a few weeks' work as janitor's assistant. Between times he sits collarless on the steps smoking his pipe upside down.

Helping Aggie

DAISSY, with her hair twisted in spring-maid twirls and jets dripping from her ears, flashes her mechanical smile as she says:

"Yes, there are two working in my family, but father's so old he works half time and Jim is only fourteen and can't earn much."

Aggie lives in one of the homes where there is no man at all. Not even a youngster selling newspapers. Aggie is in a mail-order department. When you order

"15 yards Helen-pink like sample—second choice Alice-blue—1 yard pan velvet and 8 yards lining silk—do not send if it does not match perfectly"—it is Aggie who chooses your frock. She was choosing evening dresses when cerise was a new color, and before that she had seen robin's-egg blue in and out of fashion. For sixteen years she has been filing other women's orders for wedding gowns and layettes. Aggie had brothers and sisters, but God loved them too well to let them stay on earth. He left Aggie an old Irish mother who drinks something she calls "tea" out of a teapot with a cracked spout.

This was Aggie's weekly expense account: Rent, \$1.75; coal, 80 cents; oil, 8 cents; milk, 35 cents; church, 10 cents; luncheon, 60 cents; total, \$3.68. Five dollars—her salary—minus \$3.68 left \$1.32 a week for food and clothes for two people. How did she manage it? The other girls managed it for her. They, almost as poor as she, paid her sick benefit, insured her mother's life for enough to cover funeral expenses, and gave her luncheon when she couldn't afford ten cents a day. One trimmed her hats. Another laundered her shirt waist. They did not do these things out of charity, but just because Aggie—is Aggie. Because she is doing her very best and smiling with a wistful twist to her mouth when other girls would cry.

The Gift Vacation

SINCE this store does not give paid vacations, for three years the other girls have collected in dimes and quarters and nickels enough to enable her to take ten days off. Once the manager heard of this and made the collector give back the coin. She gave it back, but waited outside the door to collect it again. Aggie got her vacation. Maybe Aggie wasn't worth more than \$5, but a girl who commands love like this seems valuable.

The story has a happy ending. The girls decided among themselves that Aggie must have more money. She herself was so fearful of losing the little she had that she dared not ask for more. So they chose the bravest of her friends. This friend went with her to the door of the manager's office, pushed her in, and ran away. Once in, Aggie was too scared to retreat. She asked for a raise. Glory to the saints, she got it! "Six

(Concluded on page 30)



Melissa



We speak of it next morning at the breakfast table



Many men are too weary to think of any other suffering than their own.

Why I Want Woman Suffrage

What the Ballot Will Do for Women and for Men

By **FREDERIC C. HOWE**

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURA E. FOSTER



Long habit has made men think in terms of husbands, children, and unborn babes.

I HAVE no interest in the suggestion that women should vote because they are taxpayers; no more interest than I have in the suggestion that men should vote because they are taxpayers.

I want women to vote because they are women just as I want men to vote because they are men.

When we double the suffrage in America we will double the self-respect of America, and self-respect is the most valuable thing in the world.

If you question it go down where men out of work gather. Go into the lodging houses, the mission, the saloons. Go along the bread line, go even among the skilled artisans who have only been out of a job for a few days.

The workless one drops his head by instinct. His shoulders droop. He looks up at you with an apology in his half-appealing, half-afraid eyes. He has lost caste with himself. He avoids his old companions. Soon he strikes for the open road to avoid them. He becomes a tramp. He drifts to the Island.

When a man loses work he loses self-respect. When he loses self-respect he avoids his self-respecting fellows.

Take the ballot from men, even from those who do not prize it, and they lose self-respect. I once heard a Western Governor say that men of his own class who had been convicted of some crime that disfranchised them had come to him and said: "Governor, we have paid our penalty, we have endured the shame. That was hard enough. But to come back home and find that we are no longer a part of the state and the nation, that we cannot bear." And they begged to be restored to the privileges of citizenship.

The dignity which differentiates the freeman from the serf is the dignity of the ballot.

I WANT woman suffrage because it will free woman. It will also free man. I think it was Wendell Phillips who said that negro slavery was bad enough for the blacks but it was worse for the whites. The master was degraded by the relationship. He was chained with the shackles that bound the slave. So to-day the man suffers from the disability of the woman. He loses almost as much as does she.

We have halved society, and by so doing have halved its efficiency. Possibly the surgical process has deprived us of the more valuable half. For to-day woman has the more leisure. She fills the high schools. She is crowding the men in the colleges. And she is free from many age-long prejudices that cripple man's political intelligence.

I want woman suffrage for what it will do for woman, for what it will do for men, for what it will do for the muddle we have made of politics.

I also want woman suffrage for selfish reasons. I cannot myself be happy in a world where there is so much poverty, so much hunger, so much suffering that can so easily be cured.

For poverty, hunger, suffering are unnecessary in this land of

abundance of ours; as unnecessary as typhoid, yellow fever, or smallpox that science has almost exterminated. These diseases came from unsanitary environments, from bad sewers, poisoned milk, polluted water. So poverty comes from unsanitary legal environment. For poverty is made by law or the absence of law.

God never intended that a few men should control all the anthracite coal in America, upon which one-third of the country depends for its light, heat, and power. God never intended that the food, clothes, and necessities of a whole people should be thrown on the gambler's table and be made the croupier's ball of the stock speculator and price manipulator.

MONOPOLY is the product of law. It can be cured by law.

I cannot believe that one million people in New York should live in one, two, and three room tenements or that nightly bread lines should gather on our streets, when thousands of acres of vacant land within the city's limits invite men to build homes and work upon them. I do not believe that hunger, homelessness, worklessness, and prostitution are necessary in this land of ours, or that any one of our 90,000,000 people should go hungry in a country that can easily feed ten times that number.

I do not believe that 30,000 men should be killed, and



In an earlier age woman could protect herself and brood by the same weapons that man employed.

at least 500,000 more seriously injured, in mine or factory each year; that a few months after the Triangle fire death traps should still be inviting disaster like that which brought sorrow to the homes of 148 families last spring.

I do not believe it is necessary for bread to be baked in damp and dirty cellars. Nor do I believe it is necessary for women bearing children to work in the fetid factory, close up to the hour of childbirth, and take up their labor again a few days after.

It is not necessary that men, women, and children should be poisoned by adulterated food or fed on cold-storage meat and fish at famine prices with an ocean and the whole continent close by the city.

Men made the laws which make these conditions possible; men made the tariff laws behind which the sugar, steel, wool, cotton, lumber, rubber, and a score of other monopolies extort famine prices for everything we need; men made the laws which enabled the natural resources of the country, the railroads and the water fronts, to be merged into the hands of a few score men. Men made the laws which permit the express, street railway, gas and electric lighting companies to extort such charges as the greed of a political and business alliance suggests.

Men do not think of these things as will women.

Many men are too weary to think of any other suffering than their own. Long hours in the mine and by the furnace, in the mill and the sweatshop, leave little room for thought of social sorrows. Other men dare not think of them. Some are paid not to do so. Others still, who have time to think, merely repeat the thoughts of their grandfathers or their employers, of those who find it profitable that men should not think of these things. And they say, and many of us acquiesce in what they say, that poverty is due to the fact that the other fellow is not as clever as we are.

LONG habit has made men think in terms of dollars.

Long habit has made women think in terms of husbands, children, and unborn babes. Men vote the terms they think in. Women will vote the terms they think in. That is what the women did in Colorado. They voted in terms of the home.

I want a civilization in which one-half the people will vote in terms of humanity rather than in terms of property.

I want to live in a world that is free from the law-made privileges that beget the poverty from which we all suffer; free from the terror of hard times, of lost jobs, of periods of sickness and accident almost as fearful as death.

I want to live in a world where one hundred warships, costing \$200,000,000, will not be proudly paraded before a city too poor to feed its hungry school children; to live in a world where the opinions of long-dead grandfathers inscribed in constitutions will be of less consequence than the mangled arms and limbs and the destitute women and children of our factory workers; where breaker boys will not be permitted in coal mines, where it will be criminal to place little children in canneries, chemical vats, glass mills, or phosphorus factories.

I want to live in a city where the daily wages of women and girls will support life; where the lost job means something other than the street or starvation. I want to live in a country where prostitution will not be the price we pay for our bargain-counter economies; in a country where the doors of the prison will open outward for those who have become tangled in the machinery of the modern industrial world.

(Concluded on page 31)

The Im



cared she for either victories or defeats so long as he were not actively engaged?

So far he had escaped unharmed. The mysterious power which ruled the destiny of armies from a distant city had not yet ordered his regiment into the field. His ill-spelt, rambling letters, which she received at irregular intervals and deciphered laboriously, had kept her informed as to that.

There had been a skirmish or two and an incipient night attack, in which he had borne himself creditably; and once he had even won the commendation of the regiment by his prompt action in saving his colonel's life.

He had made much of the affair in his letters. Too much perhaps. He had always been something of a braggart at heart. But she knew his weakness, and made proper allowance for it. God knew! There had been little enough cause for bragging in the family—and none at all since that day when her husband had betrayed the secret meeting place of his people to the hostile Phalanx clan, and for his act had been shot in the back.

That had been over ten years ago; but the deed still lingered in the memory of the countryside. Only yesterday the rider who had brought in her boy's last letter had been struck by the similarity of names and had questioned her about it. He was a stranger in the district, or he would have fared badly. As it was, she had denied all relationship, and had listened to his half-sneering remarks with a calm face and a raging heart.

It was from him that she had learned of the impending battle. But her boy's regiment was safely entrenched more than a day's march to the eastward, and she had given no further thought to the matter until the dull booming of the artillery had called her to the door early in the afternoon.

ABREATH of night air, rising chilly out of the bed of the valley, struck freshly against her cheek and roused her. She drew herself up with a little shiver, and, turning, confronted the tall figure of a soldier emerging from the tangle of bushes which marked the corner of the cabin wall.

"Jim!" she exclaimed.

The man let the last clinging branches close behind him, but made no motion to advance. "Got anybody stayin' with ye?"

"No. But—whar on earth did ye drop fr'm?"

"Th' hill road up yonder." He jerked his thumb toward the slope behind the cabin. "Sure thar ain't been anybody nosin' round here?"

"Course thar ain't. I ain't seen a soul all day—'cept th' soldiers fightin' out on Razor Back Ridge." She had come close to him as she spoke, and noted the restless shifting of his eyes. "You wasn't in *that*?" she demanded in quick anxiety.

He laughed. "You bet I wasn't. They've kep' us penned up too tight over t' Bickf'd, guardin' supplies."

"Then how—"

"Oh, I—I got a bit of a furlong t' come over an' see ye. Thought p'rhaps ye might be gettin' sorter lonesome. But I got t' be off agin t'-morrer—er sooner." And again she noticed the uneasy shifting of his glance as he turned and looked up the darkling folds of the valley. "Thar ain't been nobody along here at all, then?" he reiterated.

"Not a hide nor hair," she declared stoutly, and heard

him draw something very like a sigh of relief. "What ye skeered of?" she asked.

"Nawthin'—'cept, with all these troops hangin' round—" He dragged his eyes away from their scrutiny with an effort. "Got anythin' t' eat in th' house? I finished my snack back about noon, an' I'm near famishin'."

She gave a little exclamation of dismay at her thoughtlessness, and led him into the cabin.

IN THE poor, bare room, with its rough furnishing of pine table and home-made chairs, much of his strange uneasiness left him. And while she cooked him a mess of bacon and eggs over the hot embers on the hearth, he grew voluble about himself and his affairs—and particularly voluble about his act in saving his colonel's life. It had brought him into prominence in his company. He had been mentioned in reports; he had been praised by the colonel himself before the whole regiment—and cheered. Yes, cheered lustily. It was even rumored that he stood in line for promotion. In fact, he had already been intrusted with several missions of a—well, of a dangerous character. Oh, not too dangerous. She needn't worry about that. Catch him risking his life unless he had to. Yes, he had once, when he had saved the colonel. But that was only for a moment; and he was glad now that he had done it. It had given him a chance—but he couldn't speak of it just yet. He would tell her later. And again he asked if anyone had been along that day, and was again eased by her assurance that she had seen nobody.

"Ye never c'n tell who may be snoopsin' about," he explained as he attacked the supper which she laid before him.

He ate voraciously, with the zest of a man who has been a long time without food. She sank into the chair opposite and, leaning her thin arms on the table, regarded him intently. There was certainly a marked improvement in his appearance. She hardly recognized this tall, erect figure in uniform as the lanky, raw-boned youth who had been taken from her six months before. His loose-jointed frame had filled out, grown broad of girth and shoulders; his clean-shaven face bore the ruddy stamp of health. And, above all, he had lost that slovenly slouch which had been such a characteristic of his gait. She was thankful for this. It had been a direct inheritance from his father, and in the case of the latter had become curiously associated in her mind with the poignant memory of his disgrace. "Ye're lookin' fine," she declared. "They must treat ye putty well in th' army."

"Can't complain," said the boy with complacency. "But 'tain't nothin' t' th' way I'll be treatin' myself bymby."

"When ye git yer p'motion?"

"P'motion? Shucks! I got somethin' better'n any fool p'motion." He pushed his empty plate away from him and sighed luxuriously. "Lawdee! But it does feel good t' stretch yer bones after ridin' all day."

"Ridin'?" she questioned. "I thought ye walked."

"Me—walk? All th' way fr'm Bickf'd?" He laughed loudly. "Wal, I guess not."

"Whar's yer hoss, then?"

"Tethered up in th' bush lot, whar I c'n git him when I want him—an' whar nob'dy else c'n git him ahead o' me." He rose lazily from his chair and, picking out a burning ember from the fireplace, lighted his pipe. "Ye don't happen t' know who licked over on th' Razor Back, do ye?"

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By
E.L. Dudley
Illustrations by
Clifford W. Ashley

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She shook her head. "Th' last I heard o' th' firin' was off t' th' north'ard."

"Hm! That'd mean th' Johnnies. Did it sound as fur as Maryville?"

"Yes—er mebbe further."

"Five Corners?"

"Jest about."

"Thar's whar our lines'll be, then."

He dropped the embers on the hearth and strolled over to a window. The woman's gaze followed him; and a gleam of pride smoldered in her eyes as she studied his features in the soft gray twilight. He was as she would have him be—this great son of hers, so strong, so well built, so handsome. And yet— How like his father he was! She caught the resemblance suddenly in a wry, drooping twist of his mouth as he turned his face toward her; and it struck her with almost the force of a blow. She shuddered as she rose from her place, and sweeping the dirty dishes into her apron, carried them over to a bench in the corner.

"Ye'll be tired," she said huskily.

"I am," he admitted. "C'n ye give me a shakedown upstairs?"

"Th' bed'd be softer—"

"Fr' sleepin'. But harder fr' wakin'. No, I'll take th' shakedown— Hello! What ye doin' thar?"

She paused in the act of lighting a tallow dip from the fire. "It's gittin' dark."

"Wal, keep it dark, then," he returned. "Blow th' thing out—an' keep it out. It'd show over th' whole valley."

Again she was disagreeably conscious of her husband in the boy's overbearing tone; and the thin, straight line of her lips tightened against the retort which rose to them. But she obeyed him, nevertheless, and stood silent while he crossed the room to the rough ladder which ran up to the loft above.

HE PAUSED at its foot. "Moon's up about nine, I reckon."

She nodded.

"Ye c'n call me then—an' be sure ye do it."

"What fr'?"

"Cause I—wal, 'cause I axed ye to."

He laughed unpleasantly as he caught one of the upper rungs in his hand and began to ascend. The cool insolence in his voice stung her to anger:

"That ain't no reason—"

"It's th' only reason ye'll git fr'm me," he retorted, "so it'll have t' do ye. At moon-up, now—r'member!" And before she could answer he had swung himself through the trap.

Her eyes, staring upward, followed his heavy tread across the bare flooring. She heard him stumble against a chair and kick it viciously; she heard the soft swish of his coat as he threw it into a corner,

and the duller thud of his cartridge belt and revolver. Then silence fell; and her glance dropped slowly to the tallow dip which she still held in her hand.

The flash of anger had died; and in its place a haunting fear was rising ghostlike in her mind.

"He's his father over again," she whispered, and noted with dull surprise that her hand was trembling. "His father over agin—an' up t' one of his father's devilties. Good God!" Her fingers tightened about the candle as though they would crush it. "What's he done? What's he doin'? What's he goin' t' do?"

Over the eastern slope a clear radiance welled slowly. The woman, crouching at the uncurtained window, watched

the pale glow brighten, saw it break through the tree tops in a silver fretwork of light, then, as the full round disk of the moon climbed into view behind it, rose cautiously from her stool and crept to the foot of the ladder. Through the silence there came the faintest sound of snoring. For a moment she paused, listening anxiously to the soft, rhythmic pulsations, then, satisfied, stole back to the window.

The moon had freed itself from the black tangle of trees, and was swinging out across the sky. And gradually, as its light poured into the valley, the bush lot and the clump of pines beyond it and even the thin gray hair line of the hill road grew out of the darkness. Her glance swept each in turn, searching the luminous web of shadows for some suspicious sign, some movement. But only the night wind stirred lazily in the upper branches; and, as she looked, even this puffed itself out and died away, a tiny sigh in the distance.

For half an hour she watched the dim, unresponsive face of the hillside, then, vaguely uneasy, crossed to the door and, unbarring it, threw it open. A cloaked figure rose swiftly from behind the bushes flanking the threshold. She drew back with a startled gasp, but, as she tried to close the door, the man, flinging his weight against it, forced his way roughly into the room.

"None of that," he said angrily. "I've been waiting too long already. Where's Jim Bannard?"

"Jim—who?"

"Jim Bannard. You needn't pretend he's not here. I saw his horse up in the bushes."

"Ye did? Wal, if ye'd looked sharp enough perhaps ye'd 'a' seen him with it."

"Bah!" The man advanced threateningly. "You can't put me off like that. I know him and I know you. And I know he's hiding here somewhere. Come, now. Where is he?"

HE HAD paused within a few feet of her; and the moonlight, falling suddenly across his shoulder, revealed him in uniform. She peered at him closely, then drew herself up with a quick intake of her breath.

"What d'ye want with him?" she demanded sharply.

"That's my business—and his—"

"An' mine," she broke in. "Mine more'n either yours or his. An' ye c'n take it fr'm me he's got no dealin's with you—ye sneakin' Johnny." She raised a quivering forefinger and pointed it at him. "Git!" she commanded. "D'ye hear me? Git!"

Fear lay cold about her heart again; but it was fear for her boy and what he might have to do with this stranger in the enemy's uniform—this great, burly



The boy wrenched the gun from the stranger's grasp and hurled him half across the room

(Continued on page 32)

Paul Orleneff

An Actor Who Makes Us See the Unseen Drama

By HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

DRAWINGS BY CESARE



In "The Chosen People"

IN THE first act of "Crime and Punishment," a play based on Dostoevski's novel, Paul Orleneff, one of the foremost actors of Russia, who played a winter's engagement in New York, gives a most striking example of drama in which there is no external movement. Nothing happens except the deep events of the soul.

The scene is in a little drinking place. A few stolid, roughly dressed men sit around wooden tables, with vodka before them. Among them is an old, broken-down drunkard. Orleneff, as the student Roskolnikoff, enters, seats himself before a glass of vodka, and listens to the old drunkard tell the story of his life.

For nearly half an hour Orleneff does not say a word, and hardly moves. As the old man tells about his wife and children, how drink has ruined him and his family, how his young daughter has sold her virtue for the sake of the others, how he has learned to adore and worship the abandoned girl, who seems to him almost a saint, Orleneff's face, without the help even of his hands, reflects the drama in the old man's life. It does far more than that. By subtle, perfectly natural pantomime, the actor expresses not only sympathy and growing understanding of the old drunkard's situation, but a solemn, intensely serious criticism of all that poverty means. One feels that the Russian student is in line with the Nihilist tradition of Russia, and that what has been theoretical philosophy with him is taking concrete form as he listens to the old man. It is one of the most dramatic scenes I ever witnessed, and yet nothing happens in the usual sense of the word. But Orleneff's face tells the story of what is happening to him spiritually, and that accounts for the murders he commits in the next act.

He Is an Artist Rather Than an Actor

THE next act, where he murders two women and where most that is usually supposed to be theatrical happens, is an anticlimax. In comparison with the first act, there is no drama in it. All that prompted and explained the murder took place during the psychological unseen happenings in the little drinking place. Orleneff himself feels that to be the case. He told me that, if he could venture to change the play, he would cut out the murder scene and narrate it, in order to enhance the drama of it. This instinct for intensifying the drama must have been at the basis of the Greek and French tragic tradition of not having murder actually occur in view of the spectators. Orleneff came to it through the perception of what is effective, not traditionally.

That first scene in "Crime and Punishment" is the keynote of Orleneff's work, of his traditions and of his life. He is of Russian peasant stock, and has the dreamy, spiritual nature of that race made so familiar to us by Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Chekhov. The most striking quality of Russian literature is the psy-

chological note. External events are of very little importance to the Russian literary artist. There is comparatively little description. Nearly everything is a presentation of feelings and ideas, dramatically conflicting with one another. There is always a turbulent, serious quality, an implicit tragic suggestion.

Orleneff's eyes are those of a seer, a prophet. They are very beautiful, and they seem to see only what goes on inside of him and to be little concerned with the external world. After I had seen him in "Ghosts," "Brand," and "Crime and Punishment," I had an interview with him on those plays and on "Hamlet" and "Paul the First," which he is to produce later. His acting, his character, and his mind can perhaps be expressed in the most unified way by means of this interview, which showed him to be a poet and a thinker. He is an artist, rather than an actor, in that he actively interprets and creates, rather than merely portrays.

Sympathy for the Idealism of Brand

THE interview opened with a discussion of "Brand." Orleneff had played that uncompromising idealist with fine sympathy. In that poetic drama of Ibsen's the destructive character of the pure idealist is shown. Brand, the firebrand, is against all human weaknesses. Moral and spiritual perfection is his aim, and in the prosecution of this lofty ideal ordinary human beings fall by the wayside. They cannot live in the pure, thin atmosphere of the absolute ideal. Brand disturbs, destroys, the society of men, and finally himself, and all because he is an idealist. The tragic quality is kept, however, through the fact that Brand feels the human appeal of his wife, of his child, of the desires and welfare of the community, but the pure idealism is so strong in him that he sacrifices them all—not, of course, without pain, else there would be no drama—but he does sacrifice them completely, uncompromisingly. Orleneff said that he sympathized deeply with Brand up to a certain point. He finds that the world is always trying to make him do trivial or unworthy things in the name of what is "practical." For instance, when he came to New York, well-meaning people about him tried to tell him what he ought to play and how in order to succeed here. "This threw light," he said to me, "on the difficulties in the way of Brand. It made me sympathize with him all the more."

Orleneff cannot endure to be "managed." He is a free lance. He must act what is possessing his imagination, and at the times that he feels the impulse. He, like Brand, is impractical, because he, too, is a poet. He played Brand with restrained fire—so restrained that it was even cold—the coldness of absolute conviction. Alexander Berkman, who tried to kill Frick, said he did it in perfectly cold blood, not emotionally. He did it because he thought he saw the logical necessity of it. In this spirit Orleneff played the destructive Brand—coldly, apparently, but with calm conviction. There was no storm and stress about it. It was wonderfully controlled and convinced. Why get excited if you are right?

Although Orleneff sympathizes with this criticism of the "human, all too human," a criticism implicit not only in "Brand" but in all the plays which Orleneff naturally selects, yet the last act of Ibsen's dramatic poem is wrong, he thinks. "Somehow," he said, "the ideal ought to make room for human feeling and sympathy. Brand is too unloving; not unloving so much as unyielding. It is good for him to be uncompromising, but he ought to have pity and love for mankind, and, at the end, to show it practically. I think Ibsen ought to have brought in that element in the last act."

But in spite of Orleneff's criticism, he played the real, though cold, poetry of "Brand" with perfect artistic sympathy; he brought out the conflict of



As Brand

emotions, as well as the definite control of them by the ideal, and he criticizes "Ghosts" because it lacks what "Brand" and many other Ibsen plays have—a background of poetry which is essential to high tragedy. I had noticed that Orleneff, when playing Oswald, in "Ghosts," seemed to be let down, so to speak, not merely from what he is when playing the poetic drama, but from his own private personality. Only now and then, in "Ghosts," as when Regina passes through the room or when the sun comes in as a reconciling and spiritual motive, does Orleneff, by a subtle touch, so wonderfully untheatrical, unexaggerated, natural, suggest the background of poetry which enhances life and reconciles us to existence. But in this play this poetic quality is only occasionally suggested, and therefore only occasionally suggested in Orleneff's acting.

He Finds Poetry in the Terrible

IN OUR interview Orleneff said that he thought "Ghosts" one of the least poetic of Ibsen's plays, and he added that Chekhov, the great Russian short-story writer, had felt the same thing.

The Russian finds poetry sometimes in grotesque and terrible things; but not unless the total result is an enhancement of life and the stimulation of human sensibility. There is a strange psychological pleasure in the terrific "Crime and Punishment": the murderer is a high type of human being, doing terrible things because of a lofty idealism which reaches him, and he regards himself as a superman, unamenable to ordinary laws.

Harmonious with this way of feeling is Orleneff's interest in "Paul the First," which has not yet been produced in Russia on account of the censorship. He will give this play in New York. At present his imagination is captivated by the character of Paul, who was the grandson of Peter the Great. Merezhkovski's play is written in the simple, strong language of the people. It gives a vivid picture of the intrigues of the Russian court, and this is the reason it was banned. Paul is superstitious, moody, wicked, but Orleneff sees in him something intensely Russian, a turbulent idealistic criticism of life and of society. He is brooding over this

(Continued on page 28)



As Oswald in "Ghosts"

Why the whole world pays tribute to the



What is the source of that mysterious enthusiasm which makes everyone speak in superlative terms of the Cadillac?

What peculiar qualities does it possess, which impel the public to dismiss impatiently the suggestion that other cars are "as good as the Cadillac"?

What advantages does the Cadillac owner enjoy, day by day, which convince him that his is incontestably the better car?

Why do Cadillac dealers everywhere encounter a lively disposition to compare the Cadillac with the costliest cars; but not with cars of like or half-way higher price?

On what basis can we explain the phenomena, encountered everywhere, of men reverting to the Cadillac, from cars costing two, and three times as much money?

The Primal Cause of Cadillac Efficiency

The subject is a big one; it cannot be compassed in a brief advertisement.

But the source of Cadillac satisfaction can be indicated.

We can trace the cause; and we can partially picture the effect.

Let us take, merely as an example, separating it from all the rest—one, big, little fact.

Every Cadillac piston and every Cadillac cylinder is interchangeable with every other Cadillac piston; and every other Cadillac cylinder.

More than 400 essentially accurate dimensions in Cadillac parts are measured down to one one-thousandth of an inch.

Johannson of Eskilstuna, Sweden, is the inventor of the most wonderful system of limit gauges for infinitesimally

fine measurements the world has ever seen—gauges which are accurate to the one ten-thousandth part of an inch.

The Cadillac Company is, and has been for years, the world's foremost exponent of its own; and of the Johannson system.

Cadillac adherence to unexampled accuracy ante-dates the Johannson discovery. It goes back forty years to its inception—ten years, in its application to the Cadillac car.

So here you have the primal cause—the source of that world-wide, mysterious, Cadillac enthusiasm—the despair of cars which may look like, but are not like the Cadillac; because they have not wrapped up in them the fervor and the life time devotion inspired by an ideal.

Effects which follow the Primal Cause

And now as to the effect.

How is the inherent difference of the Cadillac expressed in its outward behavior—how does it differ and how does it surpass?

In a hundred ways; some of them intangible, but ever-present; many of them intensely practical—things you can see and feel and know.

The first fruit of fine measurement and perfect alignment is, of course, the reduction of friction to the closest possible approach to a theoretical zero.

Friction is the worst and most relentless enemy to efficient service in a motor car.

The defeat of this relentless enemy can be accomplished by no other weapon known to motor car manufacture than the most scrupulous and properly applied standardization.

Once accomplished, it carries in its train two other splendid victories.

Wear, tear and repair are the evil offsprings of friction.

And when friction is reduced to a minimum, their capacity for discomfort and danger, and damage is almost totally nullified.

At one and the same time, and from the same source, another splendid benefit is conferred upon the car.

Elimination of friction means extraordinary ease of operation.

It achieves that luxurious evenness which is supposed to be one of the chief characteristics in cars of the highest price; and the cardinal quality for which men are willing to pay that high price.

These extraordinary requisites—reduction of wear, tear and repair, and running qualities of velvety smoothness—are the distinguished characteristics of a frictionless car.

You have them in the Cadillac, because the Cadillac is the world's foremost exponent of anti-friction methods of measurements.

Advantages you may enjoy and Disadvantages you may escape

The presence or the absence of the qualities described herein—qualities traceable to properly applied standardization and the resulting correct alignment; qualities traceable to skillful design and advanced manufacturing methods and the results of scientific research and development, explain:—

Why the owner of one car has to crank and crank his engine to get it started while the Cadillac owner gets into his car, presses a button, disengages the clutch and his engine starts.

Why the owner of one car, even with a so-called "self-starter" can start the engine only some of the time while the Cadillac electric cranking device is fully as efficient and fully as dependable as every other part of the Cadillac car.

Why the owner of one car must get out—often in the rain and mud—open his lamps, fumble for matches, turn on and regulate the gas and light up while the Cadillac owner without delay or annoyance simply closes the switches and the electric lamps are lighted.

Why one car starts with a jerk and a lunge while the Cadillac can be started off with the smoothness of an ocean liner.

Why in one car about all the driver's strength is required to operate the clutch and brakes while with the Cadillac, slight foot pressure is all that is necessary.

Why in one car the change of gears is accompanied by a crash and a grind while with the Cadillac the change can be made so that it is scarcely perceptible.

Why one car is difficult to keep in the road while the Cadillac seems almost to steer itself.

Why in one car with a steering gear which has no provision for taking up wear, lost motion develops making steering uncertain and unsafe while in the Cadillac steering gear the adjustments provided are more adequate than will probably be required.

Why one car rides hard and stiff, the springs seem unyielding and the car is less comfortable to ride in over a paved street than is the Cadillac over an ordinary road.

Why one car may run quietly and smoothly when new but soon becomes noisy and shakes and rattles while the Cadillac often after years of service runs as smoothly as when new.

Why one car runs all right on level roads but when it comes to sand and hills it has not the power to make the pulls while the Cadillac has an abundance of power for all reasonable requirements and with its standardization, the correct alignment and the substantial construction, the maximum of that power is delivered at the rear wheels.

Why one car shows only 8 or 10 miles on a gallon of gasoline while the Cadillac averages 60 to 80 per cent greater mileage.

Why one car after a few months begins to evidence a loss of power while Cadillacs frequently show an improvement.

Why in one car the engine overheats and the water boils while with Cadillac construction and the Cadillac cooling system the causes of overheating are practically eliminated.

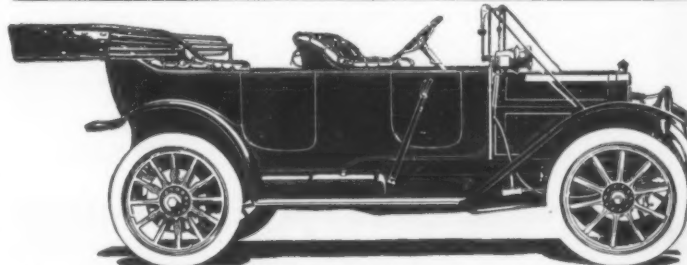
Why one car emits volumes of smoke and it becomes necessary to clean the engine and especially the spark plugs every few weeks, while the Cadillac with its efficient lubricating system and the accurate fit of the cylinders, pistons and rings emits no smoke at all and frequently runs for a year or more without even having a spark plug removed.

Why the oil consumption of one car is from two to four times that of the Cadillac.

Why the owner of one car must be continually tinkering with his car to keep it going while many Cadillac owners rarely open their tool kits.

Why one car after a few months' use depreciates in selling value to half of its original cost or less while depreciation in the Cadillac is reduced to an absolute minimum.

So many "Whys" indeed, which evidence the pre-eminence of the Cadillac that we cannot here cite even a tenth part of them.



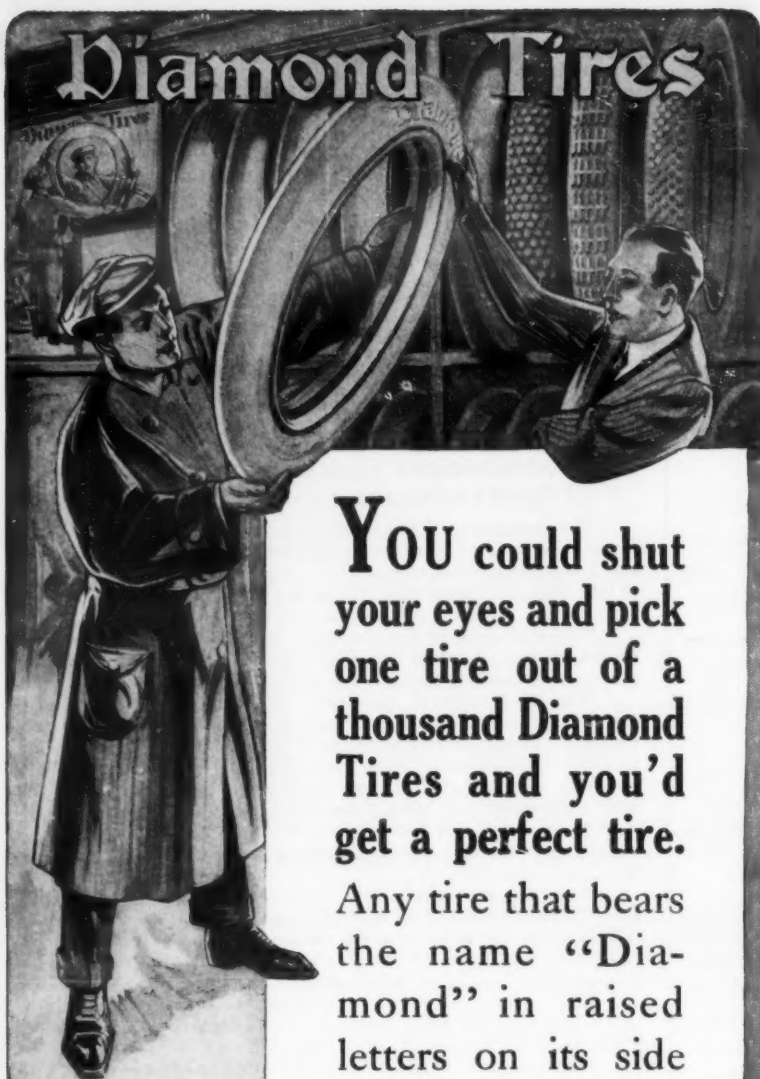
TOURING CAR \$1800

Other Models:—Four passenger Phaeton \$1800, four passenger Torpedo \$1900, two passenger Roadster \$1800, four passenger Coupe \$2250, seven passenger Limousine \$3250.

Cadillac Motor Car Co.,

Detroit, Mich.

Diamond Tires



We could build them cheaper
But we won't
We would build them better
But we can't

YOU could shut your eyes and pick one tire out of a thousand Diamond Tires and you'd get a perfect tire.

Any tire that bears the name "Diamond" in raised letters on its side is a safe tire to buy.

The name "Diamond" is your as-

urance that the tire that bears it is worthy to uphold the Diamond prestige for greatest mileage and most satisfactory service.

While Diamond Tires are made to fit every size and style of rim, and with several styles of treads, there is *only one quality—the highest*—the same in every Diamond Tire.

You don't have to be on your guard when you buy Diamond Tires. The most extended experience in judging tires would not give you any advantage over the man who simply makes sure that the name "Diamond" is on every tire he buys.

In addition to dependable dealers everywhere, there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond Tire users.

The Diamond Rubber Company

AKRON, OHIO

The Modern Fairyland

(Concluded from page 11)

land, and she is the sort who keeps the promoter in spending money. She writes us:

"Am a working girl and have saved a few hundred dollars which I have in the bank at four per cent. Seven per cent is better, and I have been tempted to buy a share of the Piano stock."

Perhaps it is a bit ruthless of the big, hearty fellow, with the glow to his personality, to take the girl's money for his Waldorf bill. But, after all, she is young and of good heart, and, with a dozen more years of work, she will have another few hundred dollars laid by.

But it is different with the Girl-That-Blew-It-In. By the time the working girl's money reaches her, it takes on a poisonous and even deadly quality.

Ollie, the Girl-That-Blew-It-In, fell in love with a gifted curb broker and pro-

moter, who had invited her to return to him in New York from her New Orleans home. He was married but footloose, and he installed her in a suite of rooms and kept her in champagne till the Sixty-sixth Street district rang with the midnight and all-night celebrations.

Then came disaster. The promoter's child at home died, and he believed that evil luck had set in for him. He turned reckless, and cast off the New Orleans girl. A telephone message from him drove her to suicide. He had been free with the spending money while she was among the living and could help him scatter it on the hotels, the restaurants, and the druggists. But for her dead body the whilom spender could not spare the money to pay for the dress in which she was laid away and for the \$100 burial lot where now she lies.

Adventures in Self-Reliance

Promoted by a Mother and Recorded by Her Son

By JOHN M. SIDDALL

THE other day I heard a woman advising boys and girls to go out into the fields and try their hands at oil painting. By so doing, she said, some will make a beginning in art, and all will strengthen their appreciation of nature.

The reference to oil painting caused me to think about something that I have not thought of for years—something very pleasant to think of, something about my mother. I will tell it very simply, because I think that mothers nowadays who are troubled about their boys may find in it a suggestion. In the attic of the old homestead where I was born there hang to this day eight or ten large oil paintings that I made one summer when I was eleven years old. My mother, in her desire to keep me out of mischief in the long vacation, enrolled me as a pupil of a teacher of painting in the town. I went to the studio every morning at nine o'clock and remained there until twelve. I was a member of a class, and some days we went out into the fields and painted from nature. The finest painting in my collection, undoubtedly, is that of a cow's head. It is almost life size, and it is pretty good work. You would recognize it anywhere as the portrait of a cow.

I have no illusions about my ability as painter. I know that as an artist I had no talent. But that experience was a real experience, a real adventure, and it kept a boy's active mind extremely busy while it lasted. I made pictures of everything in sight, and carried the odor of paint about me from morning until night. My mother was pleased, but I think that she did not fool herself about it. Her idea was simply to keep me employed. She was not satisfied that I should do my school work and nothing more. I remember that as soon as school was over in June she began to look around, and before I had had a week of uninterrupted play, she had a definite special interest laid out for me—something that would keep me occupied a good share of the time. Sometimes I agreed with the plan from the start, sometimes not until later, and sometimes a change had to be made. But long periods of idleness could not be arranged by an enterprising boy in our family. Mother kept things moving. She was a born prodger.

The different kinds of work that I did before I went to college, and the different interests I had, would make a long list. All were created by my mother, and most of them were confined to the summer. By the time I was six or seven years old, I began to take music lessons, of course. I think that I did one thing in the music line, however, that most boy piano players never enjoyed. In church I developed an enthusiasm for the pipe organ, and expressed a desire to try my hand at it. My mother seized upon that enthusiasm instantly and realized it for me. Within a few days I began pipe-organ lessons which lasted for many weeks. I was twelve or thirteen years old and could barely reach the pedals. Every day I went to church and practiced. An old negro pumped the organ for me at ten cents an hour. For about a dollar a week, added to a small fee for weekly lessons, I had the grandest time with a big church organ that boy or man ever had.

I was never wildly enthusiastic about physical labor. My mother discovered

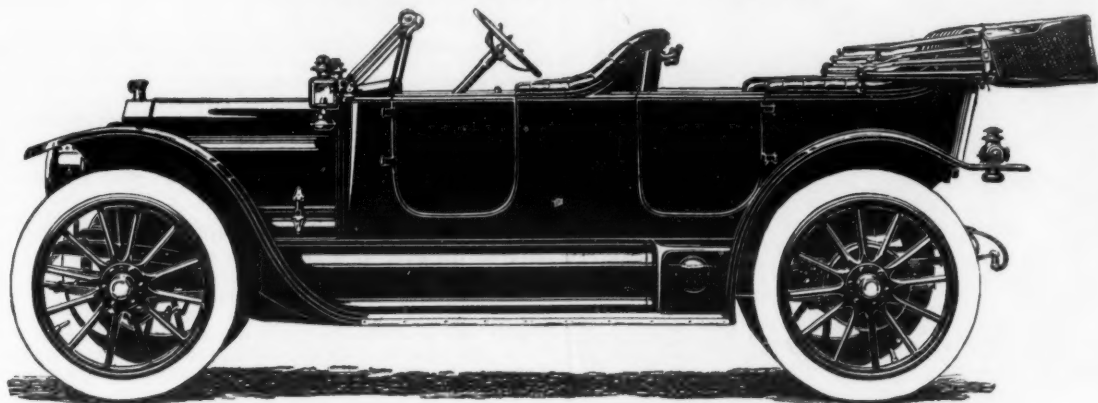
that and put me at it. I did all sorts of ordinary work—mowing the lawn, milking the cow, and all that sort of thing. I was the champion carpet cleaner and potato-bug killer in our neighborhood. But I intend to speak only of the unusual work that I was set to do as a boy. One whole summer, when I was about fifteen, I worked ten hours a day for six days a week as helper to a plumber. I received five dollars a week in wages and ate enormous quantities of food. I ran the "blower," which is the noisy thing that keeps the metal boiling. Later in the summer I developed into a good "calker." I learned to "calk" a soil-pipe joint. You may not know what that means, but a plumber knows. We worked, as I say, ten hours a day. At noon I went home to dinner—and my! what a "feed" I enjoyed. We had exactly an hour's nooning, set off by the blowing of the whistle. I knew what it was to work by the whistle. My mind keeps running back to those dinners, earned by the sweat of my brow. It is almost twenty years since I enjoyed that experience. How wonderful the table looked as I came in, in workman's clothes, and ate the food that my mother had prepared. Always she made me tell her the news of the morning. The biggest item I ever had to report was a narrow escape I had from killing two or three deacons who came to inspect a church we were working on. I was up on a scaffold forty feet above them, with my "blower" and its burden of molten metal. In my curiosity to see them and to hear them, I upset the "blower" and spilled a quart or more of hot lead, which fell within three feet of the little group.

Two or three summers I spent away from home entirely—at a summer resort. One summer I waited on the table, but the rest of the time I worked in a hotel as bell boy—principally engaged in handling and distributing the mail. One of the finest men I ever knew I met and learned to know when I was a bell boy. I mean ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, who came to the hotel each year to attend a reunion of his regiment. He was always up early and out on the veranda by half-past six o'clock. We became acquainted, and went together every morning before breakfast to a grocery store where the old gentleman bought a basket of fruit. He would then go back to the hotel and walk around the veranda distributing peaches to the guests. He did everything so quietly, so naturally, so kindly. He was an old man and through with ambition. It was quite a marvel to me, a boy of thirteen or fourteen, that one who had been Senator and Governor and President should be so gentle.

From one of these "summers away" I came home in the early fall to my mother with long pants on—the first pair, paid for by money earned at the "summer job."

One of the most valuable of my summer achievements—again at the instigation of my mother—was the fair mastery of shorthand at the age of twelve. My teacher was a neighbor who had been an expert court reporter of thirty years' practical experience. He taught me and his own small son at the same time. He was really a wonder. He could take down the fastest of speeches and never miss a syllable. He was a German and about sixty years of age. He could take a verbatim

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Subject to the conditions of our signed guarantee which we will give with each car

Ten thousand miles! Think what it means!

Step into the Rambler in New York and journey across four states to Chicago. Take your bearings and strike due west across seven states to the Golden Gate.

Run down the Coast to Los Angeles. Turn back over the mountains and on through eight hundred miles of desert to El Paso. Then on to New Orleans and back, by way of Atlanta, through eight states to the city of New York.

Strike out again cross country for Chicago. Then drive your car straightway across the American continent to San Francisco. Yet you have not

exhausted the ten thousand mile Rambler guarantee backed by a company of known stability.

We give this guarantee to prove to you our unbounded confidence in every single part that goes into every Rambler car.

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Since then the fame of the Cross Country has spread, and its service has extended to every state in the Union, to every province of Canada, to Mexico, to Australia, South America, Europe and the Orient.

Everywhere this Rambler has gone its performance has strengthened our confidence in its ability to fulfill this guarantee. That is why we do not hesitate to give it.

Eleven years of success in motor car building has so established the stability of this company in manufacturing and financial resources as to make definitely known the responsibility back of this guarantee.

Such a car with this guarantee, backed by such a company whose liberal policy is so widely known, are the reasons why you should have a Rambler. A postal card will bring you a catalog at once.

Equipment —Bosch duplex ignition. Fine large, black and nickel headlights with gas tank. Black and nickel side and tail oil lamps; large tool box; tool roll with complete tool outfit. Roomy, folding robe rail; foot rest, jack, pump and tire kit. Top with envelope, \$80—wind shield, \$35—demountable wheel, less tire, with brackets and tools, \$30—gas operated self-starter, \$50.

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Special electric pneumatic or Motz high efficiency cushion tires. Exide batteries standard equipment.

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Write today for our booklet "Motor Lubrication." It tells what grade of oil to use for every engine. Sent free for your dealer's name.

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We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States without a cent deposit in advance, and allow ten days' free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will not be out one cent.

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle—highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED In each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample "Ranger" Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the wonderful low prices and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1000 sample going to your town. Write at once for our special offer.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. **BICYCLE DEALERS:** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at \$5 to \$8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices. **DO NOT WAIT** but write today for our Large Catalogue beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. N-54, CHICAGO, ILL.

Adventures in Self-Reliance

(Concluded from page 24)

report of a speech made in German. I mean that he translated the speech as it went along, wrote English shorthand notes, and produced a verbatim English transcription of it. We used to go to church with him every Sunday and watch him "take" the sermon, prayers, and everything else. To prove his skill we would "take" the Bible reading, which we later "checked up" with the "good book." One of us sat on each side of him. He could "take" a fast speech with remarkable ease. He had the art of "phrasing" thoroughly in hand. As all reporters know, that is the secret of fast shorthand writing. He was a splendid teacher—patient and thorough, with some of that sense of wonder which seems to be at the bottom of so much good work. He was proud of his quickness of mind and hand. His eyes gleamed when, under the watch, he dashed off 200, 210, or 240 words of "new stuff" a minute. We used to test him and he was always ready for the race. Under his careful, energetic training I learned to write shorthand fairly well—much better, I mean, than any ordinary office stenographer can write. He taught us thoroughly and compelled us to be accurate. In a few months (we carried this enthusiasm along with us into the school year) I could write 100 words a minute. Years later—in college—I earned a good

deal of money through shorthand work. It was perhaps natural that out of the shorthand experience there came, when I was seventeen or so, a summer "try" at newspaper reporting on a country paper at a dollar a column. Not long after, in fact, the next summer—the summer before I entered college—I got a job as police reporter on a large city newspaper at ten dollars a week. I was eighteen years old and made hundreds of mistakes, but, because my mother had kept me at work and mingling with people, I got on well enough to hold my place.

There were other interesting summer adventures promoted by my mother, but these are more than enough for anybody to read. I am sorry that I cannot invite you to the next White House reception, because surely you will expect to find a model boy like me sitting in the Presidential chair. My mother never had any exaggerated idea about her children, however. She had, and still has, a perfect sense of humor. What she was concerned about was devising ways and means to keep her sons out of the penitentiary and free from all entanglements with homes for the feeble-minded. She got us all to earning an honest living, and when she had achieved that she breathed an enormous sigh of relief. It was a big job, and all ordinary people find it so.

Tapped Wires

(Continued from page 19)

brain. Here, then, was the secret of the Coast Service's success. This was the reason that with half the correspondents, with half the facilities, it had been able to compete at every turn with the Affiliated. Tapped wires!

"Bn, Bn," the instrument had started again; "Bn—" Mike raised his head and then, with a quick motion, opened the key to stop the signal.

"Come ahead," he ordered slowly, and the message began.

"Rchmd—"

MIKE fished a pencil from his pocket and began to scrawl on the dim outline of a piece of paper.

"Waverly, near here, has been blown up by an exploding car—getting me?—of dynamite. One hundred dead, three hundred injured. Damage to property may—"

Mike gasped and broke the message.

"Anybody from Burlington hurt?"

"One dead," answered the instrument; "Mamie Taylor, age sixteen."

The dark room seemed suddenly to flare in red. A half scream broke from Mike's lips, and he bent wildly to the key, to shut off the rattling message that streamed from it.

"Mamie!" he sobbed, "Mamie!"

He staggered a few feet in the darkness. "I've got to tell mom! It's the kid! It's the kid!" he moaned. Then he straightened. "You can't go now, Mike," he said with quivering lips; "you can't—you can't! You're wasting time—can't you see what you've got to do? Can't you, Mike, can't you?"

The watchman's steps pounded in the hall, and the boy whirled. What if he knew telegraphy? He crept to where the half light from the street outlined vaguely a boxlike instrument on the wall. Cautiously he opened it and grounded the wires. It might drown the whole circuit, it might cut off communication from his own office, too—but he must take the chance.

He stepped back from the box and reconnoitered. He could not risk being seen by the night watchman; silently he skirted along the windows until he came to that one which opened upon the fire escape. He opened it, hurried out on to the iron grating, clambered down, and ran for his own office.

The door of the building was open. Mike slammed his way through and tore up the stairway, corralling the watchman as he ran.

"Get Mr. Stevens on the 'phone—quick," he panted. "Is the wire working?"

The night watchman stared.

"No, what's up?"

"Not working? Not at all?" Mike's face had become blank. Then it became pinched and hard. "Get Mr. Stevens. Waverly's blown up!"

"Blown—?"

"I got it off the Coast wire. They've been robbing us. I know!"

He started toward the telephone booth, but the night watchman was there first and with the receiver already off the hook.

Mike whirled and ran to the telegraph table. One after another he fidgeted at the instruments. Once he half shouted as he noticed that Keogh's key had been left open, shutting off the wire. Then his face became grim again as only a dead, dull tapping, the result of the pounding of his nervous fingers, forestalled any hope that the wires had not been grounded by his work in the office of the Coast Service.

Then the grief came back. It overwhelmed Mike for a moment, the grief of failure, the grief at the thought of death. He staggered, turned—and then leaped. The long-distance telephone!

The night watchman hurried from the local booth, seized a telephone directory, and began to turn the pages hurriedly. The sound of a boyish voice, coming from nowhere in particular, caused him to raise his head. It was Mike, in the other booth, shouting his desires to a sleepy toll operator. The watchman found his number and hurried back to his work. When he came forth at last, from the following out of the instructions that Stevens, the night manager, had given over the 'phone, he walked to the opposite booth and opened the door. Mike turned him a frowning, streaked face, then bent his head again to catch the words that were coming over the wire. A stack of penciled paper was beginning to accumulate on the little table by him. The watchman noticed that the pages, here and there, were spotted and wet. Tears.

"What's the matter, kid?" The watchman's voice was solicitous. Mike's answer was shaky, yet excitedly strong.

"Get Stevens?"

"Yes. He's coming down. I've called the managing editors of the 'News' and the 'Chronicle.' They're sending out taxicabs for the linotype men and the compositors and printers."

"Fix me some more carbon paper, so I'll get these copies straight," said Mike slowly. The watchman obeyed. Mike dropped the receiver for one agonized moment as he rubbed a cramping hand, then went to his work again. His fingers began to send the pencil scrawlingly here and there on the pages. He gritted his teeth.

"I'm all in," he grunted to the watchman behind him. "Get me some water."

ATAXICAB chortled outside the office, and there sounded steps on the stairs. "Red" Keogh ran into the office, to meet the watchman returning from the water tank, disregard his signals toward the telephone booth, and hurry to his instrument. Mike heard his finger on the key and stumbled from the booth.

"It ain't working, 'Red,'" he shouted. "It's out. I'm—"

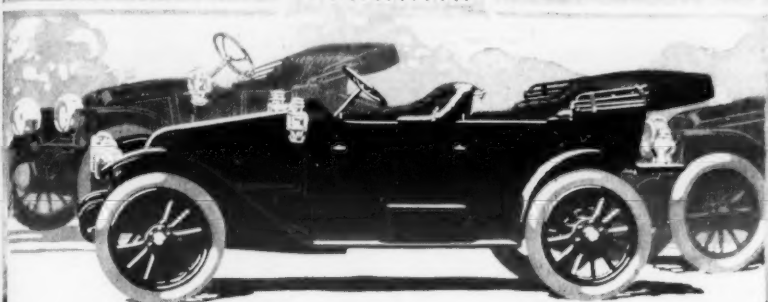
"Out?"

"I grounded it!" answered Mike, and hurried into the booth again. Keogh, his face flaring with anger, followed.

"You little fool!" he snapped, "what did you try to jimmy with the wires for? You ought to have known—"

(Concluded on page 28)

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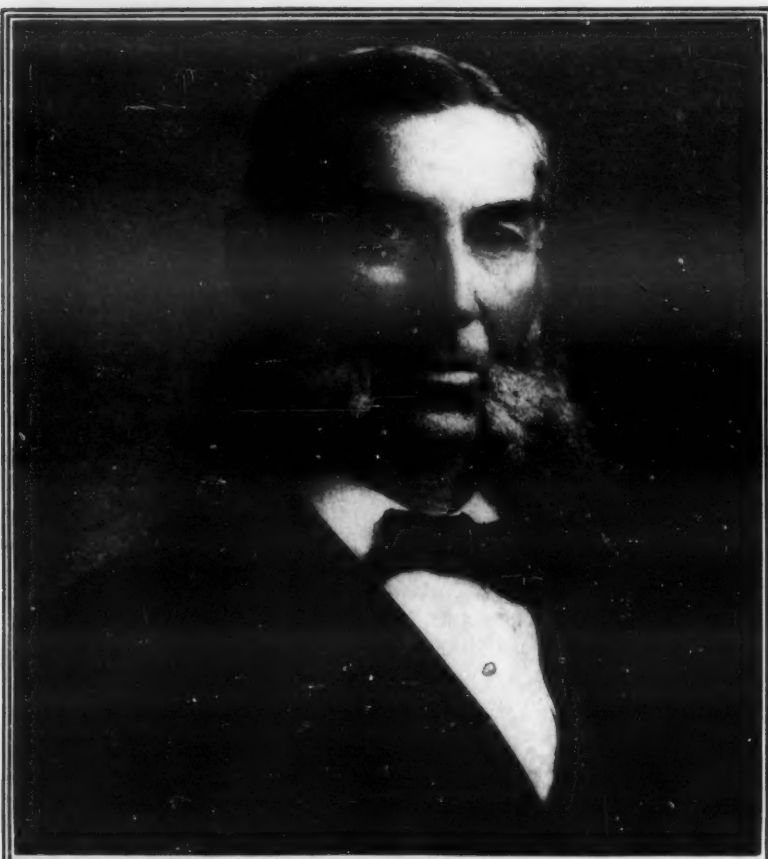
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HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Tapped Wires

(Continued from page 20)

Mike turned his rainbow eye sadly toward his idol.

"That's it. Bawl me out. I grounded 'em because the stuff was coming in over the Coast Service wires that were connected with ours. That's why!"

"Tapped!" exclaimed Keogh.

"Gimme that last sentence again," shouted Mike into the long-distance mouthpiece. "All right, I've got you. Go on!"

Keogh stared, then understood. He ran for a typewriter and slammed it in on the little table of the booth. Then he gently pushed Mike out of the way, gave the watchman the receiver to hold to his ear, and began to typewrite the story as fast as his fingers would snap the words to the page before him.

MIKE struggled a moment to be brave and silent. Then he wavered.

"Ask him if they've found out for sure about Mamie yet," he queried, and there was a bit of a whimper in the tone; "I asked him just now and he didn't know. I thought—"

"Mamie who?"

"It's—it's my sister." Mike's voice was breaking. "She's dead—blown up."

"Red" looked over his shoulder and leaped from his chair to the swaying form. Hurriedly he carried the boy to one of the long desks in a dark corner, laid him down as tenderly as possible, threw his coat over the shaking shoulders—then ran back to the waiting receiver and to his story.

Another taxi and another and another roared their way to the building. Stevens entered on a run and began to edit copy as he hurried from the long-distance booth to his desk. A managing editor or two stumbled sleepily alert into the room, to look over the copy as the carbonized sheets came from Keogh's machine, and then to shoot it through the pneumatic tubes to their papers around the corner, giving their orders to their foremen over the 'phone.

Some one wandered over in the corner and found Mike sobbing no longer—but asleep.

"Who's the kid?" he asked, and nudged him in the ribs.

"Let him alone!" yelled Keogh as he jumped from his work. But it was too late. Mike sat up slowly.

"They tapped the wires," he said sleepily.

Stevens looked up.

"What's that?"

Mike opened his good eye lazily, then closed it.

"Coast Service," he mumbled, and lay down again.

Stevens leaped forward. Keogh stopped him.

"Let him tell it some other time—please, Mr. Stevens. The kid lost a sister in this blow-up. I've got all the dope on the other stuff, and I can tell it just about as well as he can. He got us all down here," he added to strengthen his case. "He went over there to fight Sam, their copy kid. I guess he got the dope then. Anyway, he got it and it's straight. The wire chief has found the place where they connected on to us!"

Stevens went to where Mike lay and shook him into wakefulness. Five minutes later that same Mr. Stevens reached into a pocket and drew forth a bill.

"I'm sorry, Mike," Stevens said again and again in a voice that sounded rather foolish and restrained; "I'm sorry about it—that it has to be for this."

Mike began to sob.

"She wasn't nothing but a kid," he wailed; "I'm a whole year older'n she was an' I says not to go down there an'—"

"Mike!" Keogh leaped from his machine. "The kid's all right! She's safe. I've found out—I've talked to her—! Here—here—don't do that way—brace up—be a man—come on now—"

But Mike refused to brace. An hour later, however, he was calmer, sitting by the window, watching the radiating circles of newsboys as they started out to the residence districts with their early morning extras, to wake up the city—and incidentally those who composed the main-springs of the papers which the Coast Service provided with news, and who still remained asleep and in ignorance of all. Once again Stevens approached and once again Mike told his story of the fight and the tapped wire. Then he proffered the night manager the money which he still gripped in his hand.

"Since Mamie's all right," he began, "I guess—"

STEVENS stopped him.

"You know the story-book rules," came laughingly; "I've got to resign or do something like that—"

Mike grinned.

"Aw, cut it," he said happily and proffered the money again. And again Stevens waved it aside.

"Keep it."

"Keep it?" Mike beamed, even with his rainbow eye. "Gee!" he exclaimed. "I'll go to a boxing school!"

Orleneff

(Continued from page 22)

character; it is composing in his mind and when he acts it, Merezhkovski will not be the only creator of the play. Orleneff will have done his share. As Orleneff sits in his little apartment, with his musical instruments about him, smoking his Russian cigarettes, and trying intensely to be exact in expression, with his beautiful unseeing eyes turned upward, you become aware that this man is a pure artist, and that he does not judge anything, that he tries to see everything in the way it sees itself, which is always with sympathy. The murderer and the criminal are treated with this essential sympathy. There is a pure desire to understand.

It is natural that this actor should be deeply interested in "Hamlet," which he intends to play in New York this season and of which he has made a deep study. He talked of "Hamlet" as follows:

"'Hamlet' is very modern and very Russian. It is psychological and it is deeply, unconventionally idealistic. That an Englishman could do it, only shows that genius knows no national limitations. Hamlet, too, sees the Human—all too Human—that Nietzsche inveighs against. He sees the uninteresting weaknesses of human nature. He is an idealist, and his imagination will accept only what is perfect. He will not compromise. But he, himself, is weak. The thing that illustrates that weakness is his feeling for Ophelia. And yet he needs that weakness in order to keep him going with emotion. After Ophelia dies, Hamlet is changed. He goes on, but now he goes on coldly. He merely remembers his ideals. He no longer feels them. His heart is dead, but his mind remembers what his heart had dictated, and he coldly proceeds."

At this point in our talk, Orleneff smiled, and threw out the following warning:

"Remember," he said, "that I really have no ideas that can be well expressed in words. People who go to see me act

will describe the character I enact very differently from the way I describe it. Some will say Brand is an Anarchist, some a Socialist, some a poet, etc. To me, really, he is different from anything anybody can say about him. And that is true of Hamlet, of Roekolokoff in 'Crime and Punishment,' of them all. A living thing and a living piece of work may be described in words in a thousand different ways."

Orleneff is the true bohemian. He wanders from village to village in Russia, and prefers to play to the peasants rather than to city folk. He likes change of scene, change of audience. He never thinks of his material advantage, except as a condition of mere livelihood. When not working hard, he "lives" hard. He began as a comedian, and achieved distinction, and his essential humor shows even in his seriousness—the humor of life.

Peasant Sympathy

I ASKED him why he liked the Russian peasants. He answered, at first lightly: "Because the women like to give everything and demand nothing," but he added, seriously:

"The peasants are naive and simple and spiritually deep, and they not only respond emotionally to my acting but they help me to act. They act with me. Their imaginations are added to mine, and the performance is collective, creative. The audience are a part of the play, and altogether we live the imaginative, emotional life. This is the only true acting. If the peasants had worked out any definite ideas they could not act with me in that spontaneous way. Then I love the soil and the people close to it. I do not like the definite ideas, the definite propaganda of the cities. When I act to working men in the Russian cities I cannot read them. They do not act with me. They are too definite in their ideas."

It is evident that Orleneff is a poet.



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Orleneff

(Concluded from page 28)

He wants to work through unviolated nature, simple, deep instincts, before the developed mind has introduced prejudice into life.

Trying to make the interview more personal, I asked Orleneff what were his deepest satisfactions.

"I find my deepest satisfaction," he replied with a smile, "in the lowest depths. In them the true spirituality is found."

His Ideals

THAT remark is not so likely to be misunderstood if one remembers the characters he selects to play—his psychological attitude toward crime—his love for what is near the earth—his passion for intense, simple things. Sex and alcohol mean more to him than sensuality. Behind them is the idealistic striving of the human spirit. Then I asked him if he saw nothing appealing or esthetic in the prac-



As Roekolokoff in "Crime and Punishment"

tical life, in the life of affairs, in the materialistic ambitions of men, of Americans.

"My only objection," he said, smiling, "to the practical life is that it is not practical enough. Practical people, so-called, miss the real things, the real pleasures, the real meaning of life. I pity all practical people—because they are not practical enough. If they were, they would seem unpractical. I deem myself a very practical man, indeed.

"For instance," he continued, "take the way people regard old age. They say a practical man must recognize facts as they are, and they call old age a fact. But to me there is no old age. There is no old age to one who is always going ahead in the love for truth. I cannot imagine old age. People are old because they have no idealism, because they are what they call practical.

"Then take love," he added. "I once believed in love, as it is generally meant, meaning love between men and women. But now I see only love in a less practical, a less personal way, love between Man and Woman, not between men and women; love for Nature, for God, if you will, for truth, for beauty. What you call 'in love' seems foolish and unbecomingly to me, and therefore unpractical in the real sense."

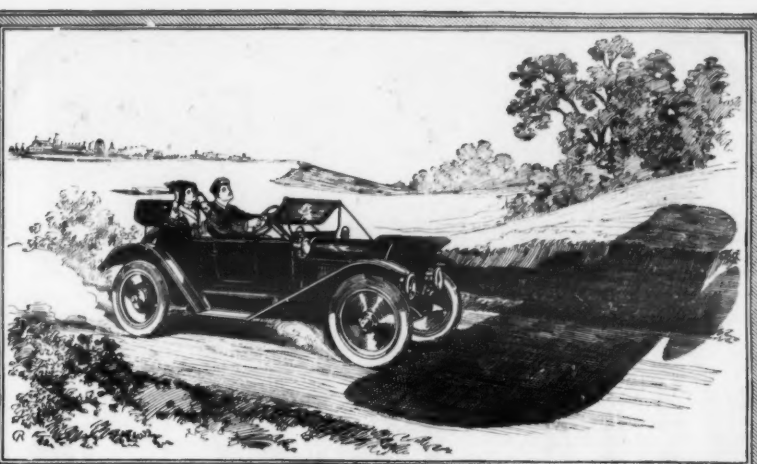
In that remark I saw Brand.

"I believe in pain," he added, earnestly. "I believe in unhappiness. I believe Russian literature has a soul because the Russian people are unhappy."

Here Orleneff struck, perhaps, the deepest thing in the Russian temperament and genius. How different it is from our American way of looking at things!

He Seeks Truth

THE inside, spiritual truth is what the poet, Orleneff, naturally seeks. That accounts for the characters he selects to portray. It accounts for his manner of acting; its lack of externality. The drama for him is not in what happens externally, but in the deeper conflicts of the unseen spirit. And his wonderful art is shown by his pantomimic ability in making real and dramatic the unseen conflict. In the "Brothers Karamosoff," by Dostoevski, he monologues for forty minutes, and persons who have seen him in that play say that it is one of the great dramatic triumphs of the actor's art.



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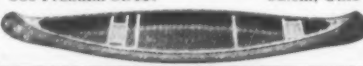


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The Girls Behind the Counter

(Concluded from page 17)

dollars is all I can give you, because I can replace you at that amount," said the superintendent. To-day Aggie walks on air with \$6 a week, \$312 a year to keep herself and mother.

One Blithe Damsel

NO, all are not so badly off as Aggie. Here, as an offset, is as happy a story as ever came from between book covers. Beatrice, with snapping black eyes, said that her family consisted of her father, mother, and fifteen children; that she was the oldest and the only one working besides the father.

"How much do you give in toward the housekeeping?" asked Miss Chapin with inward shrinking from the coming tale of need.

Beatrice's snapping black eyes were Fourth of July fireworks.

"Nothing!" said she; "my father can support his family!"

Miss Chapin thanked God that among the bleak lives were some blithe damsels who could put their wages "on their backs" and dance joyously off to every picnic that comes on a holiday!

The inspectors, filling out blue cards for hundreds of girls, had a blurred memory of most of them. Sometimes a phrase or a tender cadence would linger after the woman had passed on:

"Every night my boys are waiting for me on the steps. They are little men!" Aggie:

"I try to keep a home over my little girl. Oh, I must keep a home over my little girl!"

A half-grown, lanky girl, flippant and saucy behind the counter, held her quivering lip in her teeth and winked back tears under Miss Chapin's delicate probing. "What's the use of trying?" she demanded defiantly; "nobody cares about the girls here!"

The Girl Alone

MOST of the girls in department stores were born in this country. Their parents came from England and Ireland and Nova Scotia. Some are from New England farmer families. Occasionally there was a middle-aged woman whose quaint speech sang Ireland: "Me faether be's twenty years dead, laying five childer for me to bring up." One homesick slip of an English lassie came to America in search of "an adventurous life" and couldn't save passage money home. There were a few bright-eyed Jewish girls, driven from Kiev by the massacre. A three-month bundle girl, proudly earning \$3.50 a week, told of her brother in college: "We're making a real doctor of him! We each give toward it. I give seventy-five cents a week and sometimes—" the words rippled out on a lilt of happy laughter—"sometimes I give a dollar!"

There was a girl from New Zealand. "I know about minimum wage. Father talks about it. They have it over there," she cried in a colonial English accent. She called across the room to two ruddy New Zealand cousins, here on a year's working visit from New Zealand, and they were excited to meet the minimum wage in America.

The relation of a girl's wage to decent living comes out plainly when the girl lives in lodgings or in a boarding house. One out of every eight girls in retail stores is alone. To these self-supporting girls the issue presents itself with dramatic, often tragic, force.

Melissa had crisp, fine, red hair drawn loosely back from her forehead, and her face was delicately white. Her eyes were two flames. The manner of her walk, the ease with which she sat with loosely folded hands, the daintiness of her frock, her gentle voice, all her fine simplicity, shone in the dreary, sordid office as in a woodland hollow the white fragility of Indian pipes gleams in the shadow. She answered the questions briefly without asking explanation. She could give her weekly expenses to the last penny: "I buy my dinner on my way home at night. I get ten cents' worth of cooked meat and five cents' worth of vegetables, and the vegetable is enough for two nights." So ran the pitiful, accurate story.

Melissa

WHEN it came to the question of previous occupation, Melissa hesitated: "I was wondering how it would sound to you," she explained; "it sounds queer to some people in a store. I was a chorus girl." When the inspector had assured her that being a chorus girl did not sound queer at all, she went on. "I got \$18 a week, and I saved something every week because I wasn't strong and I was going

to rest a whole year. Before the time came I was sick and had to leave. It took all I had saved. They told me I couldn't go back on the stage for a year. I had to do something, so I came here."

The inspector understood the girl's radiant frailness. White Death had lit the flame in her eyes. She asked no pity. She told her tale of coming death as simply as she told how she bought food.

"They are very good to me here. I had to go to the hospital once for six weeks, and the manager paid me my wages and the benefit besides. I don't know whether I can go back to the stage next year, because they tell me perhaps I shan't be anywhere—very—long."

Life on \$4.50 a Week

THAT was Melissa. Catherine was eighteen years old and serious as a high-school valedictorian. Smooth hair, gentle eyes, low voice—it is not right a girl should be so grave. She earned \$4.50 a week in the packing room, and on that \$4.50 she lived. This was her weekly expense account:

Board and room, \$3; washing, 25 cents; car fare, 60 cents; sick benefit, 2½ cents; left for hat, shoes, dress, coat, umbrella, overshoes, dentistry, church, recreation, neckties, handkerchiefs, underclothes, ice-cream soda, and all the trifles dear to eighteen years, 62½ cents a week.

A self-supporting, independent young woman of eighteen, working every day from half-past eight till six for \$4.50 a week. Smooth hair, gentle eyes, low voice—it is not right a girl should be so grave.

You hear about the department store "type." The words are misleading. There is no type. Could three girls be more widely different than Melissa, Catherine, and Maisie? Maisie had been a very pretty girl. She should be still pretty, for she is only twenty-two. But her hair is dull and broken, and under her eyes, where other tired girls show blue-black smudges, her skin bags in slight, wrinkled pouches. Her features show a subtle coarsening.

Her mother died when she was a baby, and she was brought up the pet of her father, brothers, and sisters. She went to work as a cash girl as soon as she could get her working papers because her father wasn't strong. He died within a year.

Within two years sickness, death, insanity, and accident had taken from Maisie every relative, and left her to live by herself on \$2.50 a week. Maisie slid over that part of her story. "I'm getting six now," she said.

"Because I Was Hungry"

THE inspector protested. How could a girl pay \$3 for her room, \$3 for her meals, 60 cents for car fare, besides other expenses when she was getting only \$6? Maisie's answer was an unexpected burst of sob.

"I knew you'd ask me that!" she cried. "I didn't want to come because I knew you'd ask me that! Oh, don't you see that a girl can't 'get by' on \$2.50 a week? She can't 'get by'—and it's awfully lonely without any of your own people."

"Even when I got more, it wasn't enough. The girls lent me what they could, but they are poor, too. There was three months I never once got my full pay envelope because I'd drawn it ahead. I would open my purse and I wouldn't have even car fare. I'd get down behind the counter and cry because I didn't know what to do. And the men used to ask me to go out to dinner with them. I was hungry. I went because I was hungry. Honest to God, I went because I was hungry!" That was Maisie.

The Weary Cry of Women

NOTHING made in factories, nothing sold across a counter is as precious to a country as its women. Their weary cry is smothered in the clatter of looms and chatter of traders. Docile and bewildered, they sell a week's work for less than a week's decent keep. The close-calculated car fare, the foregone luncheon, the unpaid labor of mothers at home, is not enough to make up the deficit. The pinched monotony; the frocks they cannot have, violets, hobbons, and things girls love!

All day the pageant of shopping women; taxis, chinchilla, a breath of perfume, a laughing jest tossed over the shoulder to passing friends; and at night—a crowded half hour in the street car, swaying close-pressed against strangers; then home and the problem of six on an income for four.

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Woman Suffrage

(Concluded from page 18)

I want to live in a world that hates these
things, hates them so thoroughly that it
will abolish them.

I want to live in a world that thinks of
its people rather than of business, of con-
sumers rather than producers, of users
rather than makers, of tenants rather than
owners; in a world where life is more
important than property, and human labor
more valuable than privilege.

As women are consumers, users, and
tenants rather than producers, makers, and
owners, I have hopes for a society in
which women have and use the ballot.

I want woman suffrage because I believe
women will correct many of these law-
made wrongs that man has made. For
women will vote in terms of human life
rather than in terms of special privilege.

MEN might continue to vote for the
hunger taxes on all that goes on to
the table. Men do not know how many
dollars are taken from the weekly pay
envelope because of the tariff. Woman
will know. And when she learns that the
price of sugar behind the tariff wall in
New York is twice what it is in Hamburg
and London, she will want to save her
share of the \$150,000,000 that experts say
the tariff exacts from all of us for the
benefit of the Sugar Trust and planters
and beet sugar growers.

Women with babies will think more
about the prohibitive cost of woolen
blankets, underwear, and clothes than men
do. She knows what it is to pay monopoly
prices for woolen goods which turn out
to be shoddy or cotton; knows the cost
of sickness and industrial accidents to
those she holds dearer than her life.
Women will have to be shown that wages
at \$7 to \$9 a week for a man and \$3 to \$6
a week for a woman, with from 20 to 100
per cent dividends for stockholders of
textile mills, is really protection to Amer-
ican labor.

Woman does not know the meaning of
"bulls" and "bears," of "long" and "short,"
of stocks and bonds. She will not tremble
when Wall Street threatens to close the
banks and the factories if its privileges
are disturbed. She may get hysterical
over dirty streets, inadequate schools,
crowded street cars, and monopoly prices,
but she will not be terrorized by the scare
headlines of a subsidized press.

Women read the foolish gossip of the
fashion page, but they do not read the
foolish gossip of the stock market page.
They may vote in ignorance, but, at least,
they won't think themselves wise when
they merely vote the opinions of those
who control the agencies for making false
public opinion.

Women will have to be shown.

IN an earlier age woman could protect
herself and her brood by the same
weapons that man employed. She had the
same rude club. In a later age of domes-
tic industry she worked by the side of her
husband in the home or the field.

Woman is still the guardian of the
brood. But she is assailed to-day by ten
thousand lurking foes that strike at her
man, her home, at the lives of those she
holds most dear. Machines more deadly
than bullets surround her; disease more
sanguinary than any foreign invader as-
sails her. Sickness may come with the
butcher and the grocer, death with the
fire trap and the machine.

Woman still bears the burdens of an
earlier age. She is still the child bearer,
the home maker. But she has been robbed
of her weapons of defense. Danger is no
longer in the open. Assaults are social,
industrial, legal. They are the product of
laws or the absence of laws. They can
only be averted and corrected at the ballot
box, in legislative halls, and by political,
not personal, action.

For modern civilization is no longer iso-
lated. It is social. The dangers that be-
set us are industrial. They spring from the
interdependence of life. They are the
product of the division of labor, the com-
plexity of society, and the competitive
struggle which leaves man at the mercy
of the most avaricious member of the
pack.

Society must put an end to these con-
ditions if it would live; it must check the
chaos, cruelties, and human waste that in-
dustrial life involves. It can only do this
by law, by statute law, by laws bearing the
seal of the government. Men may—I be-
lieve they will—correct these wrongs.
They will correct them with the ballot.
But their correction will be hastened, it
will come more surely, more wisely, by the
cooperation of those who suffer most
from the costs of the present system—by
the votes of women.

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Collier's Weekly Offer

The Church ———?

America is the most churchd country in the world and the Church
has been putting herself through introspective processes. She has
criticized herself openly and frankly, and, in some respects at least,
has found herself wanting. This has created the impression in some
quarters that the Church is hopelessly failing in its mission. But just
as frankly—Is it? Any more than the Courts, the Legislatures, the
Press and the Drama are failing? There seems but one way to answer
that question, and that is to make a careful study of representative
preachers in representative cities of America, and make a frank setting
forth of what these men are and what they are doing. If any minister
does or says anything freakish or bizarre he gets into the headlines of
the newspapers and is exploited to the extent of columns. Therefore,
people conclude that they know about the preachers. As a matter of
fact, this is not a safe conclusion.

Collier's begins with the Easter Number a series of personal sketches
by Peter Clark Macfarlane, of six of the prominent preachers of
America. The list includes a Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi and
four Protestant ministers. The treatment has been frank and intimate.
In each instance the accomplishment or the influence of the individual
under consideration has been so great as to argue the presence behind
the scenes of a rarely interesting personality.

The list of preachers follows in the order in which the articles
will appear:

JAMES WHITCOMB BROUGH, Pastor of the City Temple, Los
Angeles, California. Dr. Brougher is a powerful orator, unusual in type.
His audiences are probably regularly as large as any in America.

GEORGE HAMILTON COMBS, Pastor of the Independence Boulevard
Church of Kansas City, Mo. His preaching has gathered about him one
of the greatest churches in his denomination and what is claimed to be
the most complete working church plant in America.

STEPHEN S. WISE, Rabbi of the Free Synagogue of New York City.
Dr. Wise is a rabbinical surgeon, and one of the most interesting and vital
figures in the American pulpit. His ecclesiastical insurgency is observable
among the Jews of two hemispheres.

WILLIAM T. RUSSELL, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church at Washington,
D. C. Monsignor Russell is one of the most representative preachers in
his communion and his influence in the Capital makes an interesting con-
tribution to this chronicle.

JAMES H. JOWETT, Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of
New York City, is just now the most talked about preacher in the English-
speaking world and some would count him the greatest.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, Pastor for twenty-five years of the First
Congregational Church, Columbus, Ohio. He is known as "the first citizen
of Columbus." He would easily be included among the first citizens of
the United States.



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RECIPE: Dissolve eight teaspoonfuls of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in two cups warm water. Add two eggs, one-third cup butter, one-fourth cup sugar, one yeast cake dissolved in the liquid when cool; flour enough to make a batter (not too stiff). Mix all with a spoon. Raise overnight. In the morning put in pan and raise again. When ready to put in oven, brush over top of cake with sugar and water. Dot the top with pieces of butter. Mix one teaspoonful of cinnamon with half a cup of granulated sugar and sprinkle top all over. Bake in moderate oven. This makes one large cake.



Write for
Borden's Recipe Book

**BORDEN'S
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"Leaders of Quality"
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The Immutable Law

(Continued from page 21)

stranger, who laughed gruffly at her words and with a menacing gesture strove to sweep her out of his road.

She evaded him by a quick movement, and fell back to the foot of the ladder. There was a gun—her husband's gun—over the fireplace. If she could only reach it! But the man had followed her, and under his gaze she dared not try.

"Where is he?" he demanded again; and now there was impatience as well as anger in his tone.

"What he's safe fr'm ye," she retorted.

"You git—er I—I'll make ye."

"Will you?" he sneered.

SOMETHING glowed dimly in the darkness; and she felt rather than knew that he had a revolver in his hand. There was a painful silence.

"Well?" he questioned.

"Wal?" she repeated. "Why don't ye—shoot?"

A strange contraction had come into her eyes; and the space between them began to ache dully. It would be there, she supposed, that the bullet would strike. She wondered whether she would feel it and whether it would hurt. And then suddenly she realized that the man had lowered his weapon and was listening intently to some sound above. It came to her confusedly through a drumming of blood in her ears, but she knew what it meant—that soft shuffle of stocking feet; and turning with a stifled cry, she groped for the gun over the fireplace.

The man's hand closed like a vise about her wrist. "Drop that!" he said wrathfully.

"Ye shan't see him!" she panted. "Ye shan't. I'll kill ye—fust."

But even as she spoke she felt the gun torn from her grasp; and, as she struggled to regain it, the stranger, with a quick twist of his arm, flung her from him. She plunged forward heavily, striking her hand against the mantelshelf; and as she put out her hands for support, a wave of blackness surged over her and she sank limply to the ground.

From somewhere in the shadows above her came a low monotonous flow of sound. It might have been the murmur of wind in the tree tops or a meaningless babble of voices; but she supposed it was the echoes of that roaring chaos which had burst about her when she had fallen. She had fallen, of course. There was the hearthstone, cold and hard beneath her fingers; and there, in the pale murk of moonlight, was the table and the stool by the window, and closer—at her feet almost—the gaunt outline of the ladder. The ladder! A flood of memory swept through the blank spaces of her brain. The burly stranger, the struggle—the succeeding blackness. She dragged herself to her feet and, clinging to the mantelshelf, stared dizzily at the trap overhead. And as she looked the murmur resolved itself into a voice—two voices—the stranger's gruff and insistent, her boy's sullen, obstinate, and with the rising inflection of a whine.

Breathing heavily, she crept over to the ladder and listened.

"Not a penny less'n a hundred," the boy insisted. "Not a penny—an' they're cheap at that. Why, if they found I'd sold 'em, they'd hang me—hang me, I tell ye—t' th' nearest tree—"

HIS voice dropped; and in the heavy silence a chair creaked loudly. With a gasping sob, she caught at the ladder and drew herself up painfully, rung by rung. There was a quick shuffle of feet; and as her eyes rose to the level of the attic flooring, the stranger, crossing the room swiftly, threatened the boy with his fist.

"I'll give you fifty or nothing," he declared. "Fifty or nothing. Do you hear me?"

He reached out suddenly for the papers in the other's hand. But the boy, thrusting his arm behind him, fell back against the open window.

"Ye try that," he threatened, "an' I'll tear 'em up an' throw 'em out yonder whar ye'll never find 'em."

The stranger paused. "You're a fool," he sneered. "But not a big enough fool to do that."

"Why?"

"Because they're important dispatches. And whether you sell them to me or not, you've got to deliver them. If you don't—" The stranger shrugged carelessly; but even as he shrugged, the woman saw his hand stealing toward the holster on his hip.

A mad desire to shriek possessed her; but her voice lay dead in her throat, and her lips, when she opened them, gaped

without a sound. Then suddenly she was aware that the boy had observed the man's action and was warned.

"Guess ye're somethin' of a fool yer-self," he laughed. "I got t' deliver them, do I? Wal, not if ye shoot me. An' before ye c'n kill me, I'll take mighty good care they're torn up."

A faint rasp of paper sounded from behind his back. The stranger's hand dropped slowly to his side.

"You think you're clever," he remarked with a grim smile; and then, after a pause: "What do you say to splitting the difference?"

"Seventy-five?"

"Yes."

The boy considered. "Make it eighty an' I'll think it over."

"Eighty, then."

"Let's see yer money."

The man drew a roll of bills from his pocket; but the other still hesitated.

"Ye'll open 'em without breakin' th' seals?"

"Certainly."

"An' give 'em back?"

"Of course." The stranger's tone was becoming testy. "I've got to give them back. And, what's more, you've got to deliver them. If you don't, your officers will never know what their orders are, and never act on them. And we'll never be able to spring our trap."

THE boy nodded comprehendingly. "That's right. Guess they wouldn't be no use t' ye otherwise. It's a swap, then—soon's ye count th' money out."

And to the woman, clinging breathlessly to the ladder, there came the full sickening knowledge of what this "swap" meant. He was a traitor, betraying his trust, his people, even as— She turned her eyes away with a shudder. He had bent forward, grinning, and the moonlight, falling squarely across his face, brought the wry, drooping twist of his mouth into sudden relief.

Like the rhythmic drone of a song, the man's voice began its monotonous counting:

"Five—ten—fifteen—twenty—"

What could she do? What could she do to save him? The gun? It was below somewhere. The stranger had torn it from her. . . .

"Thirty-five—forty—"

Was there no weapon up here—nothing? Her frenzied glance, probing wildly at the shadows, rested wide-eyed on a glint of steel in the corner by the ladder. The boy's cartridge belt—his revolver! She crawled out of the trap and reached for it.

"Sixty—sixty-five—seventy—"

There was some trouble with the straps on the holster. She picked at them with trembling fingers, then jerked them loose by main force as the stranger, presenting his roll of bills, received the dispatches from the boy.

"Stop!" Her voice quavered and was weak from excitement. "Stop!" she repeated louder. "Er I'll—shoot!"

The man spun on his heel and stared at her. "You!" he exclaimed, and then, swinging fiercely on the boy: "You've done this, you low-lived cur! You've put up this game on me." And, mastered by his rage, he caught the other in a throttling grip about the neck.

The muscles in the woman's arms stiffened, and a spurt of flame leaped from the revolver. The man's hand, relaxing its hold, fell limp to his side. He whirled half round, then staggered back against the wall.

There was a moment of silence. The gray smoke wreaths, curling sluggishly through the open window, seemed to typify the sense of tragedy which had loomed suddenly in the woman's brain. She closed her eyes against them as a wave of faintness swept over her. Then the man's voice rose angrily from the shadows, and with an effort she shook the weakness off. "You've broken my shoulder!" he cried. "You she-devil! I'll fix you for this!" And, jerking away from the wall, he lunged toward her.

SHE sprang in front of the trap. "Stand back!"

He laughed harshly. And with dismay she saw his revolver flash in his uninjured hand. Her own weapon trembled in her fingers, but she kept it leveled. And as she returned his look, a sullen, baffled rage drove the tears into her eyes. Why had she let him cover her? Why had she not rushed in on him and killed him after the first shot? She dared not shoot now—she could not with that cold muzzle almost brushing her cheek. And yet—if she

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The Immutable Law

(Concluded from page 32)

could sweep it aside— She flung out her hand. But another, stronger hand was before her. And with a smothered oath, the boy wrenched the gun from the stranger's grasp and hurled him half across the room. "Ye quit that!" he spluttered, threatening the huddled form. "Ye're dealin' with me—not with her. With me—d'ye hear? If ye so much as touch her I'll blow ye into little bits." He caught the man by the collar and hauled him to his feet. "Now git!"

The stranger, dazed by his fall, took a stumbling step forward. But the woman, pushing hurriedly in front of him, barred his way.

"Ye'll not git," she declared firmly, "till ye've given those papers back."

"By th' Lawd!" the boy gasped. "That's right! Here, you!" He swung the man toward the window. "Open 'em an' read what ye want in 'em. An' be quick!"

"He'll not," the woman insisted. "He'll give 'em back now—unopened an' unread. An' ye'll give back that eighty dollars ye tuk fr'm him."

THE boy gaped at her in angry astonishment. "Wall, I guess not—"

"Tain't what ye guess," she broke in impatiently. "It's what I tell ye. . ."

She saw his fingers twitching at the stranger's revolver, and with a deft movement snatched it from his hand. He made a wild reach for it, cursing volubly, but she flung it into the corner behind her.

"Give that money back," she said.

His mouth tightened into an obstinate line, and he drew himself up rigidly.

"Give it back."

"An' if I don't?"

"But ye will." And she slowly brought her revolver to bear upon his head.

He laughed in her face. "I dare ye to shoot."

The mocking light dancing in his eyes drove a cold shiver of helplessness through her. He had accepted her challenge, and she couldn't make it good. And he knew she couldn't. And yet, perhaps, if she frightened him— She raised the weapon to an angle above her head. But as her finger trembled on the trigger, he threw up his hand and, with a startled exclamation, turned to the window.

"Listen t' that!" he whispered.

It came to her ears clearly through the dead stillness of the night—the confused muffled pounding of many hoofs. She lowered her weapon as the stranger, rousing himself with an effort, stumbled heavily from his crouching position by the wall.

"Horses," he said thickly.

"Cav'lry," the boy corrected. "They're comin' fr'm th' south—along the valley road."

He pointed out of the window. The woman craned her neck over his shoulder. Far down the faded gray ribbon of the highway which curled through the bottom lands a dark mass was approaching rapidly.

"Whose are they?" she questioned.

"Don't know. Ours, I reckon. Yes—I c'n see their f'rage caps— By th' Lawd!" He swung on the stranger with a wild look of terror. "Ye've got t' git now! If they find ye here—"

There was no need to finish the sentence. To both the man and the woman his meaning was only too clear. But to the woman, out of the very knowledge of the danger which threatened them, there came an inspiration. With a last swift glance at the advancing troop, she fell back to a point midway between the trap and the window.

"He'll stay right whar he is till he gives up those papers an' ye hand over that money."

"He'll not—"

"He will." She had covered them with her revolver. "I mayn't dare t' shoot ye myself, but I c'n turn ye over t' them that will. An' they'll kill ye like yer father was killed—with a bullet in th' back."

"They may pass by—"

"They won't," she retorted, "—not if I call to 'em. An' I'll call when they git t' th' pine tree yonder. Th' pine tree," she repeated. "An' not a second later—"

"Wait!" The stranger, thrusting himself forward, pointed to the opposite window. "What's below that?"

"Th' bush lot."

"Could they see me from that side?"

"Not till they got past th' house—"

"I've still time, then." He dragged the dispatches from his belt and, throwing them on the floor, started across the room.

The woman barred his passage. "Not yet," she announced tersely.

"Why not? You've got the papers—"

"But you haven't got yer money."

"Oh, that—"

"Yes, that," she caught him up. "It's that—er nothin'. He'll pay ye back—ev'ry penny—er ye'll both go t' th' deaths ye deserve. . ."

She felt her voice breaking and stopped abruptly. And in the tense silence the pounding of the horses' hoofs rang with a dull ache through her brain. In another moment—

The stranger, turning with an oath, seized the boy's arm.

"Quick—give it back—"

But the other shook him off roughly. "Ye're safe," he growled. "She'll never do it—" But even as he spoke the woman could see him fumbling nervously at the roll of bills in his hand.

"Time's up," she warned him, and drew in her breath convulsively.

He laughed. "Ye can't do it," he reiterated. "any more'n ye could 'a— My Gawd!"

HIS jaw dropped as her shrill cry swept the words from his lips; and he gazed at her in terrified amazement. Then, as the troopers halted, he swung frantically on the stranger and flung the handful of bills in his face.

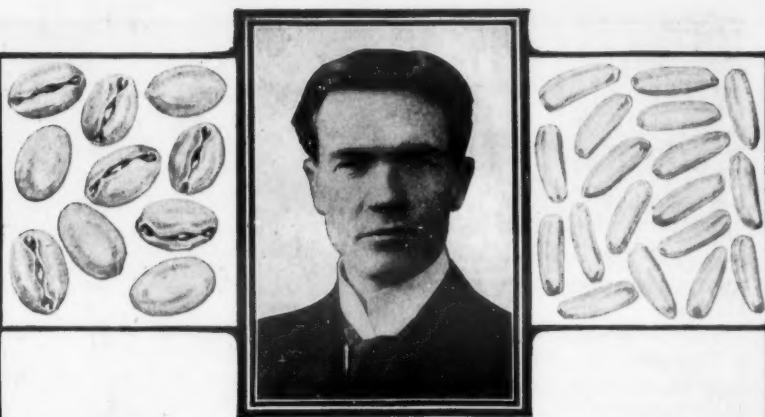
"Git!" he muttered hoarsely. "It ain't too late. Git!"

The man, grabbing at the flying bills, sprang to the opposite window and disappeared over the sill.

The boy, still pallid with fear, confronted his mother.

"Ye'll tell 'em—t' go on—"

"I'll tell 'em t' come in," she returned scornfully. "An' ye'll tell 'em ye're bearin' dispatches an' ask if ye c'n go with 'em. Pick up th' papers an' come along down."



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The oak-tree summerhouse in Mr. Besier's whimsical comedy "Lady Patricia"

Pinero and Mrs. Fiske

The Latter in a New Play by the Author of "Don"

By ARTHUR RUHL

LADY PATRICIA COSWAY was a languid woman of middle age, who, having nothing on earth to do, endeavored to escape the real world by drawing about her a fog of moony romance. In the limbs of a great oak tree at her husband's country seat, "Ultima Thule," there was a platform and summer house, and here, reclining on the cushions of a sort of throne, she liked to read poetry, and, closing the book over one finger, to look up at the sky and repeat the exquisite lines aloud. Doubtless, at such moments, she was herself, Melisande or Francesca or the Princesse Lointaine—the personification, in short, of what is sometimes called the stained-glass attitude.

Her husband, a middle-aged dilettante scientist, vibrated in unison with and played up to her posing perfectly. You will see just such couples, now and then, in New York—more often such wives, with a retinue of thrifty, rather puzzled youths to bean them about to concerts and unpopular matinees. The Cosways were admirably suited to one another, but it was part of the continuous esthetic inebriation in which they, and especially Lady Patricia, lived—and possibly some faint surviving protest of human nature itself—that each should feel the need of wild young love at its wildest.

So Lady Patricia ensnared her young cousin, Bill O'Farrell, a slangy young cub, just back from America, and Cosway, himself, became enamored of the brisk, tennis-playing young Clare Lesley. Both husband and wife, continuing their slow-music devotion to one another, secretly encouraged their sentimental adventures with the two young folks, who were assured that they were each involved in a Great Love of which the world must never know.

"Kiss me!" Lady Patricia would shriek to the rather forgetful young O'Farrell, imploring him at the same time to remember that they must always be two crystal souls swimming adjacent, but discreetly apart, in the upper ether. Even when the gardener surprised them in one of these esthetic embraces, and the young man suggested that it was a bit awkward to be caught that way, Lady Patricia, promptly inventing a pose for the situation, airily sighed: "How bourgeois!" as if before such a love as theirs a gardener was a mere mosquito.

This absurd situation is the basis of Mr. Besier's "Lady Patricia," to which Mrs. Fiske now devotes her distinguished services. Frankly Gilbertian, and most amusing, often, in quiet allusions, valuable for

what they suggest rather than as definite witticisms active enough to get across the footlights, the piece will disappoint those expecting another "Don." And even at its best, it is pretty tenuous for a whole evening's entertainment.

The action follows the two absurd love affairs to the logical climax—husband and wife find each other out and the two young folks joyfully fall into each other's arms. Even at this moment Lady Patricia is not quite jolted off the track, for as she and her husband march off together she is murmuring: "Under the great rose window in the south transept our pew is now full of purple and amber lights and shafts of chrysoprase. Shall we not sit there again—together? Repentance is very exquisite . . . and how beautiful is forgiveness. . . . Come!"

It is always interesting while Mrs. Fiske is in sight because Mrs. Fiske is always interesting, although one suspects that the midnight beauty of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who played the part in England, would be more in the picture than the cerebral, rather brittle personality of Mrs. Fiske.

Mrs. Campbell belongs a bit to the stained-glass school herself. One can imagine the completely, solemn, bell-like tones in which, reclining in that oak-tree throne, she would have intoned her poet's windy lines. Mrs. Fiske, in the same situation, could scarcely be understood. Worse than that, her Lady Patricia frequently slipped into the error of seeing the comedy of her own lines.

The last act, in which Lady Patricia, in densest black, insists on coming to the dean and confessing her dreadful sins, is, so far as the present company is concerned, the best acting scene in the play. It includes a hysterical swoon in which Lady Patricia, falling in loops, lands flat on her back, and in this position continues to babble right on. It comes pretty near

broad farce, yet the shock was a stiff one, and it is scarcely out of character that she should go on talking, even though enough of her posing instinct remained to execute a faint.

The two scenes in the oak tree are well arranged and beautifully lighted. Mr. Leslie Faber is excellently serious as the husband, and Mr. Henry Stephenson and Mr. Ernest Stallard, as an urban dean and droll gardener, contributed in characteristic fashion to the gentle humor of the evening.

"Preserving Mr. Panmure"

THE new Pinero play, "Preserving Mr. Panmure," in spite of a last act whose futility could scarcely be



Mrs. Fiske as "Lady Patricia"

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We are frank to confess that this kind of competition hurts.



Pinero & Mrs. Fiske

(Continued from page 34)

surpassed by amateur charades concocted on the spur of the moment on a rainy afternoon in the country, has enough of its distinguished author's better quality and the finished playing generally given his work to furnish a characteristic evening's entertainment.

Mr. Panmure is a pompous, coarse-grained, well-meaning-enough man of middle age, who, after marriage to a woman of refinement and politely serious religious activity, has been chastened somewhat and settled down into a stodgy pillar of his country neighborhood, proud of his position, his activities as justice of the peace, and the "sermonettes" which he delivers to his family and servants twice a week.

What Mr. Panmure Did

At the opening of the play, his house is full of guests, including the Right Hon. Reginald Stulkeley, M. P., his young secretary, Mr. Talbot Wodehouse, and various women folk. Mr. Panmure, unable to dash off his usual sermonette for this critical audience, secretly implores the assistance of his daughter's governess, Miss Josepha Quarendon, an enchanting young person to whom all the men in the house are already devoted. She gives him an idea, and in a blundering fog of gratitude—and possibly a slight reversion to his earlier manner—he kisses her.

The event overturns the household. Miss Quarendon's ill-advised attempt to seek advice from one of the older women, partially reveals what has happened, although the young woman's gratitude to



Miss Gertrude Elliott as a governess in the new Pinero play

Mrs. Panmure prevents her from telling the name of the guilty man. The women, already furiously jealous and suspicious, owing to the men's evident partiality for Miss Quarendon, suspect each in turn, and Mr. Panmure, as head of the household, is called in, naturally, and forced to conduct a relentless investigation.

The possibilities of the situation are apparent. Here we have this pompous, well-meaning, coarse-grained old party, forced to confront a delicate, spirited young woman whom he has treated shabbily, and to cross-examine—tactfully as may be, but with the righteous indignation of the virtuous householder—the very men whose social glamour and rather casual superciliousness has already made him ill at ease.

Mr. Pinero Nods

So far, so good. For two acts and part of the third this amusing situation is set forth with Mr. Pinero's characteristic verve and sureness and all the deft tricks which he has at his fingers' ends. And the fatuous pomposity of Mr. William McVay in the leading part could not well be improved. The knot is finally untied by a voluntary "confession" of the younger of the bachelors, who, for this chivalrous act, is rewarded with the hand of Miss Quarendon herself. Before this conclusion is reached, however, the piece has slipped several times into inappropriately broad farce, and the final act, with the two Parliament men drawing lots to see who shall propose first and getting their hands stuck in the vase, and so on, is futile beyond belief.

In short, the piece starts out as a light but realistic comedy of manners and ends

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IF YOU WANT TO MAKE BIG MONEY write for our proposition covering newly patented, much needed, high-grade, household specialty. Demonstration sells it. Liberal commission. Protected territory. E. A. Decker, Secy., 35 E. 28th St., New York.

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WRITE US TODAY ABOUT OUR "26" BEST sellers in New Idea Sanitary Brushes. Our proposition appeals to hustling agents everywhere. Work steady and commission large. Illustrated booklet sent on request. D. L. Silver & Co., Dept. C, Clayton, N. J.

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FOR MEN and WOMEN—16 to 70

SEND APPLICATION FOR SPECIAL "GET-ACQUAINTED" OFFER—\$10 yearly—old line policy against sickness and accident. Pays \$5,000 death; \$25.00 weekly disability benefit. Reliable representatives wanted. L. B. Smutz, Mgr., 515-75 Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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TAILORING SALESMEN WANTED TO TAKE orders for our guaranteed Made to Order Clothes. Suits—\$10 up. No capital required. Write today for Territory and Complete equipment. Address Warrington W. & W. Mills, 172 West Adams St., Department 422, Chicago, Ill.

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SALESMEN: FULL TIME OR SIDE LINE. Pocket samples. Big repeat business. Proposition appeals to Merchants in all classes of trade. Brand new. Those capable of earning \$50 to \$75 weekly desired. Cooperative Premium Co., Dept. 33, Dayton, Ohio.

WANTED—LIVE MAN TO TAKE ORDERS for our Handy Dandy made-to-measure men's tailored suits from \$10.00 to \$25.00. We furnish complete outfit free of charge. Experience not essential, we want a hustler. Splendid opportunity to make big money. The Handy Dandy Line, 415 So. Sangamon St., Chicago.

A RELIABLE POST CARD JOBBY WITH an immense assortment of up-to-date cards, wishes to add a few salesmen visiting Stations, Druggists and General Stores, who will work from their home, covering the territory frequently. Liberal commissions paid weekly on all accepted orders. Samples are worth from \$15.00 to \$25.00, a deposit of \$5.00 is required, which will be refunded when samples are returned. W. G. F., Box 193, New York City.

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STAMPS FREE:—A FINE, RARE ECUADOR stamp cat. value 50c, or 4 diff. Soudan (camel), stamp cat. value 25c, etc., for 2c postage. Send for list. Write us. W. C. Phillips & Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

OLD COINS BOUGHT AND SOLD: BUYING Catalogue 10 cents; new 55 page 1912 Selling Catalogue to Collectors Only. Free. William Hesselein, Malley Bldg., New Haven, Conn.

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BIG MONEY IN CHICKENS FOR ALL WHO use Sure Hatch Incubators. Only machine built to U. S. Government specifications. 60 Days' Free Trial, freight prepaid. Write for details. E. C. Clark & Co., Inc., Sure Hatch Incubator Co., Box 120, Fremont, Neb.

WRITE YOUR NAME ON A POSTAL FOR OUR new 120 page 1912 Book on Poultry Raising—just out. Nothing published like it—the most helpful book of the year. Full of practical hints—how to breed, feed and rear. Tells how leaders succeed—which breeds lay and pay best—gives plans for poultry houses—how to build brooder out of old piano box, etc. Describes the famous Prairie State Incubators and Brooders. Worth dollars—free for writing. Prairie State Incubator Co., 431 Main St., Homer City, Pa.

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STUDY MUSIC UNDER AMERICA'S GREAT- est teachers, without the inconvenience and expense of leaving home. Our Correspondence Music Lessons are endorsed by the World's greatest authorities: Paderowski, Leschetizky, Sousa, Moszkowski, Gullman, Damrosch, Frank W. Gunsauls, etc. Piano lessons by the great Sherwood; Harmony (Rosenbecker); Composition (Protheroe); Public School Music (Frances E. Clark); Singing (with aid of Phonograph); Violin, Cornet, History, etc. Teachers of Beginners Courses. Diploma granted. Write today for free 64-page handsomely illustrated "Book of Proof" and sample lessons. State age, branch of music in which interested, previous musical instruction and your object in further study. Siegel-Meyers Correspondence School of Music, 2445 Monon Block, Chicago, Ill.

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Pinero and Mrs. Fiske

(Concluded from page 35)



A scene from "Preserving Mr. Panmure"—Miss Elliott sitting

as commonplace farce. Even the governor, an entirely "sympathetic" character at first—possibly because Miss Gertrude Elliott makes her so charming—ends by being quite willing to take either of the Parliament men, provided she is sure of getting a comfortable home.

Possibly this, and the general caddishness of nearly everybody in the piece, is Mr. Pinero's quaint idea of being a stern, modern realist. For with all his brilliance and swift technique he often seems curiously antique. This shows in an especially interesting way in his dialogue—where it is a matter of manner rather than of total effect, the latter being that of smartness and wit. Take, for instance, such a delightfully amusing scene as that in the library between the Hon. Reginald Stulkeley and his secretary. They are preparing the speech on taxation of food, and, meanwhile, with truly gentlemanlike fastidiousness, damning their host and his dinner. The latter, it seems, was quite too starchy.

"The soup, my dear Reggie," observes the younger man, "was called, I believe, mock turtle. The authenticity of the imitation I do not dispute, but I venture to asseverate that the constituent parts of the

turtle in question consisted mainly of glue"—or words to that effect. Of course, nobody has talked like that in real life for a century or two, nor even in books for, at least, fifty years. Yet, crisply spoken by a dashing young man in superlative evening clothes, it is amusing and, curiously enough, sounds quite natural and contemporary.

Mr. Howells, at his birthday dinner the other evening, suggested that the reason we had so few American comedies of manners might be that we had no manners to write comedies about. In a certain sense this is very literally true, and perhaps for the same reason we fail to understand the almost savage delight which the British sometimes take in forcing a man who is not a "gentleman," in the narrow sense of the word, to go—as Panmure is forced here—to incredible lengths of caddishness and vulgarity. At such times the English seem to belong to another age, a generation which laughed at idiots, enjoyed bear-baiting, and so on. In this, Mr. Pinero's play is almost as brutal as Mr. R. C. Carton's "Mr. Hopkinson," which was laughed at over here in rather a shamefaced way a few years ago.

Gleams

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

TOO much precious energy is wasted on making wrong appear preferable to right.

While sometimes a vice, lying is oftener a disease—just mental color blindness.

The House of Lies has a gorgeous antechamber where dwells Exaggeration.

False sentimentality breeds more lies than fear and hatred together.

Hope leads us blindfolded until our outstretched hands touch the Gates of Accomplished Fact that bar the Road to Fulfillment. Then our eyes are opened—but for a little while only.

The sole enjoyment some people get out of life is to curse it.

Whatever is of man is for man.

The Pension Bill

Some Champ Clark Policies

VENTURA, CAL., Feb. 23, 1912.

EDITOR COLLIER'S: MARK SULLIVAN'S remarks on Champ Clark's pension bill vote shows a lack of appreciation of his statesmanship. In his inaugural President Champ will sound the slogan for the invasion of Canada. War with the British Empire will require abundant food for powder, and millions will rally round a President who, as Speaker, made the majority one more for a dollar-a-day pension bill. Statesmanship's what it is.

Very truly, JAMES E. REYNOLDS.

The Old Soldier Vote

CHARLEVOIX, MICH., Feb. 26, 1912.

EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY: NOTICE that our legislators in Washington think they can swing the old soldier vote by favorable pension legisla-

tion, and even COLLIER'S, in its comments on the vote of Speaker Clark, says he cinched the old soldier vote when he demanded that his name be called and voted "Yea" on the Sherwood Pension Bill. Now what does COLLIER'S think of the old soldiers anyway? Are they men or puppets? It is my opinion that they are the last class of men to be bribed through prospect of a few paltry dollars to be obtained through sacrifice of principle.

Our city is a rock-ribbed, old party stronghold, and yet I know that more than half of the old soldier vote goes to a third and minor party with no reference whatever to its attitude on the pension question.

Now, Mr. Collier, please don't sell the old soldier vote in bulk; you might have great trouble in delivering the goods.

Respectfully,
D. C. NETTLETON, one of them.

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How Factory Facilities

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ANY one with enough capital to buy a few parts can make a line of automobiles. Frames, motors, transmissions, bodies, axles, etc., can be delivered in, at least, thirty days from part makers all over the country. Just get a stock design—put these parts together—find out how much the parts and the assembly cost you—add what you consider a fair profit—then go out in the open market and start your business.

This description represents the small assembly shop. They buy everything and make nothing. Therefore it must cost them more to do business than the larger factory, for every single part of their car is bought from some outside source. They must pay the part maker a profit as well as themselves, and the consumer is forced to pay both of these profits. If, for instance, this maker is producing a forty-five horse-power touring car, at best it must be of the common garden variety, and in addition cost you fully thirty per cent. more than the finely finished Overland car of

that type. Generally this grade of factory turns out about 1,000 to 2,000 cars a year. *Why should you pay their higher prices?*

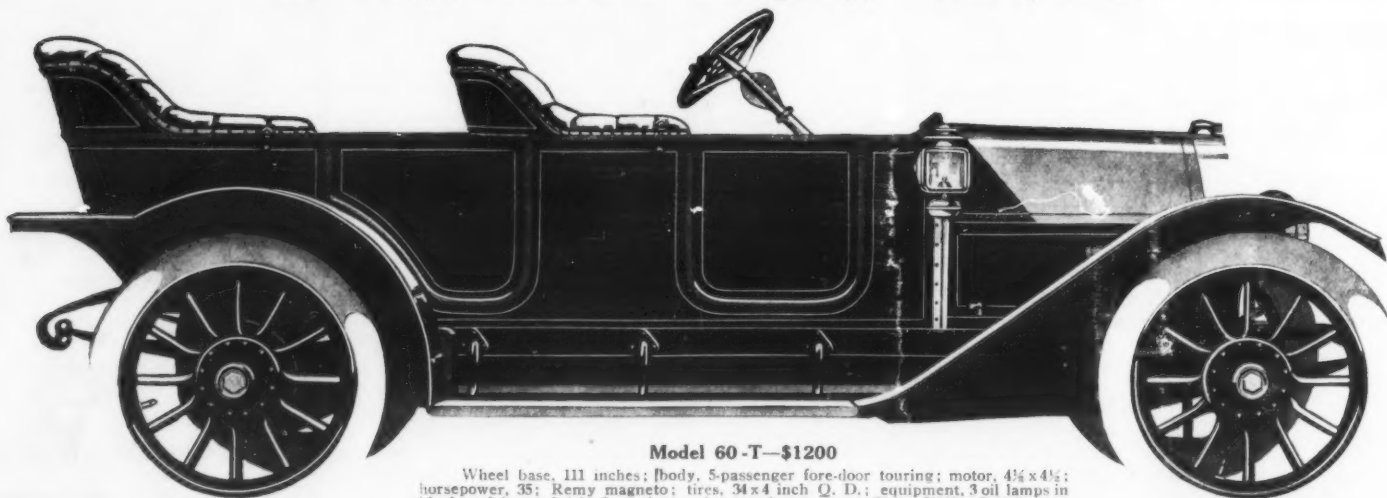
The next step, in automobile manufacturing, is the plant that markets 5,000 to 6,000 cars a year. This plant is not much different from the smaller plant, except that it is a little larger in appearance. It is the same old costly assembly proposition on a larger scale. Here you may see some little manufacturing. You see men drilling and filing, and possibly you will find quite a few lathes in operation. Their motor is probably built from a special design, *but built by some one else.* This grade of plant also has to pay the middlemen a profit, and get its own profit besides—all of which the consumer must pay. *Why should you pay their higher prices?*

Compare this plant with what you see at the enormous Overland factory, where 25,000 cars a year are made. Here the middleman does no business. Nothing is bought from the outside. There are no extra profits to be provided

for, for which the consumer must pay. Every single part of the car is made in the Overland plant. Our buildings cover over 80 acres. 5,000 men are employed. Millions are invested in automatic machinery. A few of the things you see in the Overland factory, which are absent in the smaller plants is the great die cutting plant. You see lamps, radiators and wind shields being made. You see the most modern expert gear cutters. You see huge machine stamping outfits—turning out pressed steel frames, fenders, mud guards, hoods, etc. You see the enormous body building plants and the great drop forge plant. You see the bronze and aluminum foundry. You see what seems like miles of automatic machinery; in fact, you see the most complete, most thoroughly equipped, and largest automobile plant in the world.

In the automobile business—like everything else—the facilities—first, last and all the time—govern the selling price of each individual car. The greater the facilities, the lower the market price of the auto-

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 60-T—\$1200

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mobile and we have the largest and most thoroughly equipped plant in the business. Where we make 25,000 cars the average standard plant will make but 5,000, and less. What the smaller plant must buy, we make. What they do by hand, we do by machinery. Where they employ 500 to 1,000 men, we employ 5,000. Where they buy material in small quantities and pay the long price, we buy in large quantities and pay the small price. Where they are handicapped by financial water (stocks, bonds, and what not) we have none. Every share is held by John N. Willys—the president. He controls and directs. No one else in the world has a word to say. And the net result is: a better car for less money than any other maker can produce. The Overland plants are today doing a greater business on their type of car than any other single plant in the entire automobile industry. Two values, typical of what we do in the way of economical production, are shown here.

Model 60 (left hand page) is a

thirty-five horsepower touring car priced at \$1200. It is a big five-passenger car—comfortable and with lots of room. It has a powerful thirty-five horsepower motor, which can easily develop fifty miles an hour. The wheel base is one hundred and eleven inches. The transmission is of the selective type—three speeds and reverse—fitted with F. & S. bearings, which are used in the most expensive cars made. Crank and gear casings are made of aluminum. The frame is of cold rolled pressed steel. The operating levers are in the center of the car. The body lines are graceful and pleasing. The upholstery is of good leather hand stuffed with fine hair. We equip this car with our simple self-starter for only \$20 additional.

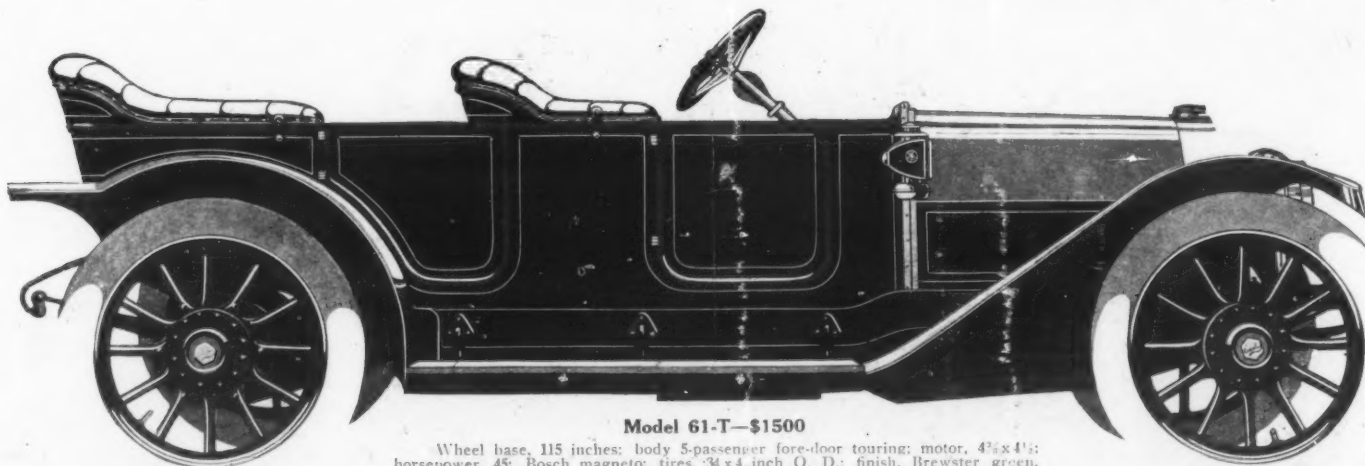
Can you duplicate this car for much less than \$1500? If you want a machine of the thirty-five horsepower touring car type, would you pay \$1500 when you can get this car for \$1200?

Model 61 (right hand page) at \$1500 is another exceptional value. This car has a forty-five horse-

power motor; seats five people. The wheel base is 115 inches. The front axle is a one piece drop forged I section fitted with Timken bearings. The rear axle is full floating, also fitted with Timken bearings. The pressed steel frame has a double drop. It is equipped with Bosch magneto. Tires 34x4 inches. The big handsome body is finished in rich Brewster green, ivory striped. All bright parts are heavily nickel plated. Upholstery is of the best leather and genuine hair. This car is big, strong and magnificent. It is hard to figure what more anyone could possibly want in an automobile. It is complete in every detail, having all those little modern refinements that make for comfort. The price of this car is \$1500. Self-starter only \$20 extra. Go over the market with a fine tooth comb and you will not find its equal for less than \$2,000.

Our 1912 book gives you all the further facts. Write for a copy today and see the difference in automobile plants. Please ask for book B23.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 61-T—\$1500

Wheel base, 115 inches; body 5-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 47x4 1/2; horsepower, 45; Bosch magneto; tires, 34x4 inch Q. D.; finish, Brewster green, ivory stripe, all bright parts nickel plated; 3 black and nickel oil lamps, 2 black and nickel gas lamps. Price, \$1500. Self-starter \$20 extra.

"I wish I were a man!"

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Yes, men *do* have the best of it in some ways—particularly we fellows who are good choosers. When it comes to smoking—just ask any man you see flashing that big red Velvet can. "Choose Velvet!"—that's what he'll tell you. It's Burley, aged two whole years, that's why. And "*She*" will like the flavor too!

SPAULDING & MERRICK

(Smoke owned by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.)

Full size
2-ounce
tin, 10c

